

Sekirei Legends

by SpartanPrime101

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OC

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Summary: During the excavation of newly discovered Forerunner ruins, a Spartan-IV is teleported to another universe, where he will become involved in a new style of conflict: the Sekirei Plan. Harem story. M for lemon scenes

1. Chapter 1 - The Beginning

****_Sekirei Legends_****

****What's up world? This is SpartanPrime101 bringing you a new Crossover Fanfiction story. So far, I've started stories for Bleach, Transformers, Halo and Star Wars; though, sadly, the latter two had grounded to a complete halt in updates and ideas. As such, after watching Sekirei and reading the story X-Sekirei by ScorpionXV, I got the idea to start my first Halo-Sekirei Crossover Fanfiction.****

****Like most Halo Crossovers, the lead character "a new character I had developed for some of my older fanfiction" is teleported to another world and/or universe while investigating strange Forerunner ruins and gets caught when the alien ruins somehow activate. However, while the Spartan is of my own design, Sekirei and its characters and events belongs to Sakurato Gokurakuin.****

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**Well, ready or not, here is Sekirei
Legends**
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[illegible]

"Speaking"

__ 'Thought' __

__ 'Past-tense' __

In early January â€" just a week after the turn of the New Year â€" the Office of Naval Intelligence had reported the discovery of a new Forerunner Shield Planet, just on the outskirts of the Sigma Leo System. Eager to attain its technological secrets, a research team had recently been sent a week earlier under direct orders from ONI's top brass.

However, with the increase of Covenant-Loyalist activity in the surrounding systems, the UNSC Admirals were becoming anxious that an attack on said research operation was inevitable. As a result, the Reign of Hope was despatched to deliver supplies and provide close-range naval support for the excavation team.

And in addition to the lone Spartan super-soldier, the UNSC High Command had supplemented a platoon of UNSC Marines with a squad of sixteen M12 Warthogs, eight M808B Scorpion Main Battle Tanks and a single prototype M822 Panzerkampf Heavy Assault Vehicle (HAV)* in the event of a Covenant Loyalist assault of the shield moon.

After confirming the absence of any potential threat to the scientists, Michael busied himself by inspecting his armor and equipment. Reaching up, he de-polarised his Warrior-type helmet's visor, revealing to anyone who happened to be looking a Greek-Caucasian face with stark blue eyes, dirty brown hair and a light goatee, with a faded scar over his right eye. Said eyes examined his helmet's heads-up display, checking to see if any of the sensors and electronics were in need of maintenance.

Once he was satisfied that his helmet's systems were functioning properly, he leaned over to inspect his blue Prefect style chest-plate armor, while examining his red-streaked Defender leg and wrist/shoulder armor in the process.

Like with his helmet, he checked that every piece was properly connected and functional; thankfully, after months of painstaking research and development, the new Mkâ€"X armor had been designed so that he could easily dis/re-assemble it himself if the standard assembly equipment was unavailable. This feature came in handy whenever he was assigned to undercover observatory/recon missions behind enemy lines or while scoping out suspected insurgent hideouts.

Also, it would've been difficult to maintain a low profile in public while walking in a super-advanced suit of armor that matched the strength and power of a miniaturized tank.

Satisfied that his armor was in perfect order, he decided to inspect his weaponry and equipment; when going into an unknown landscape, his policy was to be ready for anything and not have to be, than

First off was his special order Predator (PDR) skin MA5D Assault Rifle: Upgraded from the standard MA5C, the PDR was equipped with a new scoped targeting system, similar to those of the famed BR-55 Battle Rifle, allowing him for better long-range accuracy against moving targets. In addition, the PDR-AR weapon structure itself was lighter than the standard AR â€" despite using the same 32-round ammo clip as the latter â€" providing a better weight-to-firing ratio in combat.

Once his PDR-AR was secure on his back, he pulled forward his

specialized issue PDR skin M45E Shotgun, loading six 8-Gauge shells and pumping the auto-reload mechanism. An upgraded version of the venerable M45 Shotgun from the Human-Covenant War, the M45E had been developed specifically for special-ops military personal, including the Orbital Drop Shock Troopers and the slowly emerging Spartan-IV program. The M45E was designed with a faster reload rate than the older models, and its barrel had been crafted for better accuracy at an extra three meter range against heavily armored targets. Along with an additional ten clips (60 shells) of ammunition stashed in his armors compartments on his shoulders, chest and waist, he was well prepared for a fierce close-in firefight.

Placing his Shotgun on his back with his PDR-AR, he checked his duo pair of M7 Sub-Machineguns attached on his thighs, both armed with full-and semi-automatic firing mechanisms depending on the combat situation. Returning the SMGs back on his thighs, he activated his twin wrist-plasma daggers, both retrieved from a Sangheili Zealot that had been defeated in battle by a Jiralhanae Chieftain a month before.

And speaking of whichâ€¦

"Are you sure it's fine that I wield these in battle? Because like I said before, if me wielding these really does bother you I will gladly turn these over to you. Considering that you most likely have more experience with them than I do, after all" Michael stated, turning his attention to the small container to his rightâ€¦

â€¦where a large gold-and-red armored Sangheili Ultra was seated, its hands clutching what seemed to be an Earth based holopad, on which Michael could make out the image of the 20th Century novel The Hobbit by J.R.R. Tolkien.

"And as I have stated before Michael, you earned the right to wield those weapons as a symbol of your honorable victory over that thrice damned Jiralhanae Chieftain."

Said Ultra was in fact the Spartan's close friend and 'Blood-Brother' Joram A'llaem of the Nor'illema Warrior Clan of Sangheilios*. Along with Michael and the Marines, the Sangheili Special Ops Commander had been assigned to provide security for the assembled archaeologists, along with a detachment of his personal Nor'illema Elite Rangers from the Sangheili CSS Battlecruiser Reign of Eternal Justice. At the moment, the Eternal Justice was assisting the Reign of Hope in the routine patrol of the planet, ready to intercept any Loyalist vessel that attempted to assault the excavation sight.

When compared to one another, each was obviously quite different in terms of physical appearance, with Michael being an augmented-super soldier for humanity and Joram as among the highest ranked warriors in the Sangheili military.

Having fought alongside him during the final battles of the war onward, Michael had surprisingly developed a close bond of trust and friendship with the Elite Ultra â€" and vice versa â€", with the latter volunteering to train him in the art of Sangheili swordsmanship and close-quarter-combat.

As it turned out, this relationship would serve them well in the

months afterwards.

While the war between humanity and the Covenant had barely ended a year ago, the relations between the Sangheili and the UNSC had developed a mutual respect for each other's prowess in combat. And despite lingering hostilities between the now allied forces, the new alliance was managing to stand strong between the two races; this was in spite of the attempts by ONI to further influence the outbreak of civil war between the Sangheili factions throughout the Elite-rule space territories.

This fragile alliance was put to the test in December, 2553, during a fierce naval engagement between a joint UNSC/Sangheili Separatist Task Force and a Jiralhanae Super Assault Carrier over one of the few surviving outer UNSC colonies. At first, the Loyalists held the advantage in numbers â€" outnumbering the Task Force by nearly five to one â€" and superior long-range firepower from their Battlecruisers and the Super Carrier.

However, during the final stage of the battle, a small group of Spartans and Sangheili warriors had managed to board the Assault Carrier and began a bloody fight throughout the ship's interior chambers towards the bridge.

Sadly, the Sangheili Head Zealot leading the assault was killed after being jumped by a huge Jiralhanae Chieftain and his entire body-guard of twenty Brute Elites, taking eighteen of them to the grave in the process.

After dispatching the remaining two Brute Elites, Michael had challenged the Chieftain to one-on-one combat, claiming that the latter was no more than a cowardly dog, relying on sheer numbers and deception to save his own hide from becoming bloodied and torn in battle.

Enraged, the Chieftain accepted the Spartan's challenge, with the remaining assault force continuing towards the bridge.

Against this particular Chieftain â€" one of the few of its kind to attain the rank of Supreme Chieftain among the Jiralhanae ranks â€" even a Spartan II would've had a hard time matching the sheer strength and brutality demonstrated that day.

However, for reasons that could not be explained, Michael was able to match the Chieftain blow for blow, managing to cause the Brute not only to remain mostly on the defensive, but force him to give ground under the Spartan IV's attacks. In addition, whether it be from skill or sheer dumb luck, Michael was able to avoid receiving any serious injuries save for a shattered left arm and a deep scar over his right eye from a glancing blow from the Jiralhanae's Gravity Hammer.

In the end, it was the Chieftain's own arrogance that did him in, as at the last possible moment, Michael was able to get under the Brute's Gravity Hammer, using the fallen Head Zealot's wrist plasma gauntlets to slash through said Brute's arms, dissecting his Hammer wielding hand and stabbing the Chieftain straight through the head between the eyes.

It was from this victory that Michael had earned the title of 'Arch-Demon' by the Sangheili Navy and High Council â€" among the

highest titles of honour and respect throughout the entire Sangheili military save for that presented towards the famed Master-Chief 117 himself " and had assured the final victory for the UNSC/Sangheili Task Force that day.

De-activating the plasma daggers, Michael smirked as he turned to the two final weapons that he had at his disposal; both of which held a significant meaning for him and his sense of pride and honour.

Activating the secret compartment on his right thigh, he pulled out the 'gift' presented to him by Joram during the final days of the Covenant invasion of his home planet of Gracemaria in 2551. Pressing the activation switch, the twin golden-rod Plasma Blades of his Nor'illemma Type-1 Energy Sword sprang forth.

'I sure as Hell pity the dumb Bastard that decides to piss me off enough to use it.'

As he studied his prized possession, Michael thought back to when he had first met, and fought, the Commander of the Nor'illemma Warrior Clan, when neither of them had anticipated developing such a strong connection between fellow warriors and soldiers.

Back in the summer of 2551, just a year after the unofficial forming of the new Spartan-IV program, the Covenant had launched a full-scale invasion of his home planet of Gracemaria, the utopian planet of the outer colonies throughout the Leo-Sigma System. As the major naval and army-based military colony in that system, Gracemaria's military prowess was often regarded as the smaller brother to that of Reach and Earth itself.

However, during the final battle for the besieged colony, the invading Covenant Armada had suffered a severe divide between the Warrior Clans, with those commanded by the Sangheili Shipmaster Allrem Za'omes and the Prophet of Harmony willingly sacrificing their fellow brothers for the sake of achieving ultimate victory.

As such, the Gracemarian military and the Sangheili of the Nor'illemma Warrior Clan found themselves back-to-back fighting their newly shared adversaries. In addition, throughout this final conflict, a majority of the new Spartan-IV's and Nor'illemma warriors " including Michael and Joram A'llaem " had found themselves having to fight alongside each other against the assaulting 'Loyalist' forces. For many it had been a stressful alliance, with neither willing to trust the other for long.

But for Michael and Joram, having both felt the shock and rage of betrayal by one of their own, they had become close allies and brothers in arms as a result of the conflict.

According to the estimates of the Gracemarian branch of the Office of Naval Intelligence in the early hours of the invasion " which had become steadily corrupted under the leadership of Col. Jocelyn S. Stauffer, the key representative for the now deceased Col. James Ackerson " the planet would last but two months _at most_ until it too succumbed to the might of the Covenant.

However, to the shock of the UNSC High Command (and to the dismay of Jocelyn and Ackerson) the invasion was beaten off in just seven days

of all-out combat after the initial landings.

Save for the first naval assault on Earth by the Covenant in early 2553, the Battle for Gracemaria was by far the first, and only, confirmed UNSC total victory against the Covenant in the Outer Colonies.

His moment of personal pride expended, Michael placed the Energy Sword back in the compartment, sealing said compartment shut before reaching over his right shoulderâ€

â€and pulling out his personal Type-1 Energy Axe*: At nearly 2-feet long, the prototype Forerunner-based energy weapon represented a cross between the Viking stone/steel axe and the bronze sword used by the original Spartans at the Battle of Thermopylae. Activating it, Michael noted the golden-rod glow that emitted from the curved blades from either side of the shaft, and the wrist-shield that sprung from the handle around his fist and lower arm.

Despite its size, the Energy Axe was surprisingly light and easy to wield in close-range combat, allowing him to use little physical energy against multiple enemies. In addition, it had a self-recharging system which constantly recycled the plasma energy emitted from the blades while in use, allowing him to keep using it for longer periods of time than the famed Sangheili Energy Sword.

It was with this weapon that he had challenged and defeated the Jiralhanae Supreme Chieftain just months before.

To anyone else, it was overkill. To Michael, however, it was exactly what he needed to get the job done.

And having saved his ass more than once throughout his career as a Spartan, this sense of overkill was well worth its value.

Having finished inspecting his weaponry, the Spartan continued to watch the scientists continue their work to decipher the hieroglyphics flashing across the monitor screens. For a brief instant, his gaze towards a young analyst working at one of the main monitors near the center of the open chamber.

Said analyst was a young woman with short blond hair, Caucasian skin and light brown eyes, and appeared to be in her mid-twenties. On any other occasion, she would've been the subject of allure in the eyes of UNSC Marine Corps or Army Ranger recruits.

However, for Michael, her beauty did little more than bring up past memories of sorrow and loss...especially those concerning a now deceased childhood friend.

Shaking his head, he swiftly busied himself by returning to his vigil of the ongoing scientific activities around him.

Of course, his hesitation did not go unnoticed by the looming Ultra beside him, who easily noted the Spartan's sudden change in body posture and behavior. "You seem troubled, Arch-Demon."

Briefly glancing at the Elite, Michael hesitated again before speaking. "I'm fine, Joram; justâ€thinking of something. Nothing important."

This did little to convince the Sangheili warrior, as his gaze softened at his friend's stature. "You were not responsible for what happened that day, Michael." As he spoke, he rested his left four-fingered hand on the Spartan's shoulder. "If anything, you should be proud of what you had accomplished that day, along with your fellow warriors."

The Ultra's expression then hardened in distaste as he continued. "And do not forget, it was that accursed traitor's actions that killed her; not yours!"

The Spartan's shoulders rose and lowered as he sighed at his comrades words. "I know, I know; you're right. It's justâ€¦I can't help but feel thatâ€¦I should've been able to do something more. Something that could've prevented what happened to her that dayâ€¦I don't knowâ€¦just something."

"Do not worry, my friend; you did more than anyone else would have done, and then some. For now, we must move forward along the path that lays before us. And rest assured that we will make him pay for his crimes against you and your fallen comrade."

Looking up at the Ultra, Michael could almost see the fierce Sangheili's mandibles formed in his equivalent of fierce but supportive determination beneath his helmet.

The Spartan couldn't help but feel a small smile form on his face at the Elite's words; despite of a different culture and species, the Elite knew when and how to help calm emotions of ill displeasure.

"Thanks Joram; I really appreciate you helping me out with this" the young Spartan said to his comrade, who simply nodded his head in supportive acknowledgement.

"And in any case, you're right; I can mourn for her later" Michael muttered. "Right now, it's time to get back to work."

As fate would have it, the next few minutes would shape his future and that of others elsewhere now and forever.

"Dr. Xanthium; you'd better come over here. We have a situation."

Both the Spartan and the Ultra turned their attention towards the center of the chamber, where a pair of scientists were examining a large structure that was shaped into four pillars connected from the floor to the ceiling. Said pillars glowed from the blue plasma energy that powered the conduits throughout the chamber, slowly flickering on and off as it traveled through the extending energy veins in the walls and floor. At the central base of the structure was a bluish hard-light energy platform, similar to those found during the Battle of the Ark back in 2553.

At the moment, one of the scientists, DR. Daniel H.D. Richardson from Earth, was examining what appeared to be a hard-light control panel on the edge of said platform, possibly attempting to access any potential information contained within its databanks.

Having heard his colleague's shout, Dr. Theodore M. Xanthium " the head Archaeologist of the Colonial Archaeological Community (CAC) on Gracemaria " approached the central structure at which his attention had been directed.

"What seems to be the situation?"

"We're picking up some weird energy readings on the spectrograph" Richardson read out the fluctuation bars displayed on the screen. "The energy output of this structure is fluctuating all over the scale, and is causing some sort of splash effect on the surrounding structures."

Xanthium frowned. "I thought we had disconnected the main power relay from the platform before we started examining the structure."

"We did sir" Richardson said worriedly. "But somehow the structure was able to turn itself back on. It's like this thing has some sort of artificial intelligence built into the system; every time we try to hack into the main data system, it seems to put up a series of firewalls that redirect us to another databank entirely."

Xanthium narrowed his brows in thought. "Can you isolate whatever is blocking us from the system?"

Richardson typed away at the data screen as he spoke. "I'm trying to, but for some reason it's not responding. And the power output just keeps on rising; nothing I do seems to even slow it down."

At that moment, as if proving a point, a large burst of energy erupted across and between the pillars, causing both scientists to jump back in surprise as they watched the energy flow between the plasma platform and the surrounding structures.

And they weren't the only ones.

Throughout the chamber, everyone had stopped mid-way through their assigned tasks as they watched the golden-rod energy pulse around and across the equipment in the chamber, wondering whether they should be amazed or worried of what they were witnessing.

This included a certain Spartan and his Sangheili comrade who had reached for their weapons should the energy pulse awaken something that would most definitely be considered as dangerous.

Something such as a potential outbreak of a certain not-so extinct parasitic life form from a by-gone era.

Turning his gaze up towards the now glowing pillars, the Spartan caught sight of what seemed to be a hard light energy barrier stabilizing at the center of said pillars. His first thought was how it was similar to the teleportation devices created and wielded by the Covenant during the war.

His second thought was how it was steadily expanding to match the perimeter of the platform that the two scientists were currently examining.

and how said scientists, having returned to the monitor screen, were still attempting to halt the process even when their lives were

now in potential jeopardy.

It was at that precise moment that three things occurred at the same time: The now fully charged light-barrier raced down in a bright flash of energy towards the two scientistsâ€

â€|just as Michael leaped forward â€| causing the Ultra Elite beside him to _worf_ in surprise at his actions â€| and shoved said scientists out of the barrier's pathâ€|

â€|before the barrier closed down around him in a bright flash of light, causing the two archaeologists to raise their arms in an attempt to shield their eyes from the flash.

"ARCH-DEMON!"

The Ultra's warning came too late, however, as the light shield began to flicker and flash with pure energy.

Scrambling to his feet, the Spartan twisted his head around the shield as the flashing increased, creating a loud whine that echoed throughout the entire chamber.

It was then that he looked up at the towering pillars, where the gathered energy was forming into a large sphere of pure energy, and was steadily growing larger by the second until it matched the width of the energy platform beneath him.

Having witnessed enough plasma energy weapons and technology before, he knew exactly what was about to happen.

He had just enough time to mutter a heart filled "Ah, son of
aâ€" "

â€|before the energy sphere dropped down upon him like a tidal wave of light and energy. Upon impacting the energy platform, the energy sphere dispersed in a bright flash of light throughout the chamber, with the same blinding power of the Little Boy Atomic Bomb that had annihilated Hiroshima in 1945. While in itself non-deadly to the surrounding archaeologists and Sangheili warriors, it was enough to force them to raise their arms and/or tools to try and diminish the blinding energy before them.

After a few more seconds, the light and blaring whine of the energy vanished as quickly as it had appeared, allowing the gathered scientists, Marines and Sangheili warriors to return their gazes towards the platform.

Save for the few energy bolts that flashed and crackled around and between the pillars, nothing out of the ordinary had changed from before.

Nothing that is, except for one noticeable factor.

The Spartan was gone.

[illegible]

** { QUE SEKIREI SEASON 1

INTRO}**

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I'll be damned; I'm finally finished the first chapter. I hope you like reading it just as much as I did writing it. And also, I'm posting a vote as to which Sekirei my Spartan will wing during his partaking in the Sekirei Plan. So please vote which ones you want to see, and I'll be sure to include them in future chapters.

Till next time, mates.

***= See my Fanfiction profile for more details **

2. Chapter 2 - Toyotama: The First Winging

Sekirei Legends

What's up world? This is SpartanPrime101 bringing you the next update for Sekirei Legends.

So far, in terms of Sekirei, I will have Toyotama, Tsukiume, and Yahan to be winged by my Spartan. However, all the others such as Musubi and Matsu will still be with Minato.

And also, I do not own Halo or Sekirei; only my Spartan character is mine, while Sekirei and its characters respectively belong to Sakurato Gokurakuin.

Well, ready or not, here is Sekirei Legends

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"Speaking"

'Thought'

'Past-tense'

"Radio/Comlink"

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{Chapter 2: Toyotama: The First Winging}

{Tokyo, Japan, 2020}

Sekirei #16 Toyotama would gladly admit that she was not entirely happy at the moment.

Of course, that being said, being chased by two other, exceptionally powerful Sekirei would put a dampener on anyone's mood.

Just hours before, Minaka Hiroto - the current CEO of the multi-national conglomerate MBI - had released Toyotama and her fellow 107 Sekirei out into the city of Tokyo, in order to find their so-called Ashikabi: the one that they were, quote for quote, 'destined to find the one they would serve forever, and would

transcend to the skies above'.

While all the Sekirei were identical in some ways, if only for their name-sake, they were also very different in terms of combat speciality and/or elemental capabilities.

And she herself being a staff type, Toyotama was among the strongest and most agile of the close-range combat types out there.

Standing at 5'8, Toyotama had long dark-green hair that reached down to her shoulders, with dark-blue eyes and light pink lips highlighting her face. In addition, she was dressed in a white and dark-blue leotard with a cut in the center that clearly showed her cleavage, while a bright orange symbol was displayed over her left breast. She also had long dark gloves that stretched up to just beneath her shoulders, black stockings that were held up by a blue garter around her bloomers and thigh-length boots to compliment her outfit.

Personality-wise, she was extremely proud of her skills, having proven herself as highly skilled in the handling of her staff back during her time in the MBI training simulations. As well, she had no quarrels in taking on two-on-one odds, as she had demonstrated just minutes before.

Although at the moment she couldn't help but admit that maybe she had bitten off more than she could handle, as her current pursuers kept firing long-range attacks at her, causing to continuously dodge and weave throughout the back alleyways of the northern district of the city.

Coming to rest on top of a garbage dump, she looked up at her attackers, whom were standing at the ledge of a nearby office building.

The two Sekirei in question were #11 Hikari and #12 Hibiki: the twin lightning-type Sekirei (that's right; lightning). Both were nearly identical in looks, with long black hair tied in duo ponytails and hazel eyes; they were also wearing identical S&M clothes, with Hikari's designed in a violet-dark blue and Hibiki's as light-purple.

There was one significant similarity between them: both could wield and launch powerful and accurate lightning attacks.

"Give it up, No. 16" Hikari shouted, her fingers crackling with electricity. "There's no way that you'll escape us. You might as well just let us put you out of your misery."

Toyotama simply chuckled. "Well, isn't that a coincidence," she said, pointing her staff at the lightning twins. "I was just about to say the same to you!"

The lightning Sekirei smirked in disbelief. "You really think you can beat us? There's no way you can hit us from down there."

Hikari's sister then spoke up. "And even if you try to run, we'll just find you again. So you should just stand there like a good little Sekirei and let us hit you."

While her smirk was still on her face, Toyotama couldn't help but inwardly grimace at her situation: Like the lightning Sekirei had stated, she was outnumbered and at a poor defence/attack angle, with her opponents being able to shoot down while she was looking up. And as she had yet to attain her Norito " the source of her Sekirei powers, only awakened after they had found their Ashikabi " she was unable to access her full abilities.

Of course, her pride wouldn't allow her to openly admit such a handicap to of any significance to her. And she had no intention to simply give up and die so easily.

Seeing her raise her staff, the twins recognized her intentions easily. "Fine then" Hibiki said. "If you really want to fight us"

With that, both Sekirei jumped off the building towards the ground, their hands crackling with purple electricity.

***"then get ready!"**

As her opponents dropped towards her, Toyotama readied her staff, ready to fight them off

That was when everything would change, for the Sekirei and every other participant in the Sekirei Plan.

At that moment, a large pillar of light shone down on the street between the battling Sekirei, illuminating the alley in a great glow of pure energy, before causing the concrete between the opposing Sekirei to explode in a shower of debris and heat.

Caught off guard, Toyotama brought her staff up in a defensive stance as she temporarily stumbled from the shockwave.

What is this? Is it another Sekirei?

Regaining her footing, Toyotama readied her staff as she looked into the now settling debris kicked up from the explosion

only to widen her eyes in shock as she looked at the object that had landed in front of her.

Or rather, the person that had landed in front of her.

Lying face-down in the newly formed crater, the strange figure seemed to remain still as if it had been injured " or understandably, killed " from its sudden impact with the pavement. Eventually, it began moving its limbs as it came back to the world of the living. Placing its arms and hands beneath it/himself, it/he pushed its/his chest up from the ground as it/he rose up onto one knee.

Only to freeze as if in shock at the scenery around and before it/him (which of the two she was not sure of).

Slowly, it/he stood up to its/his full height, slowly rotating its/his gaze towards Toyotama, briefly taking her form before turning around to look at Hikari, who had been joined by her sister on the opposite side of the staff Sekirei and the new arrival.

For a few moments, the figure continued to examine its surroundings

"If it isn't too much troubleâ€¦could anyone of you please explain to me: Just what the Hell is going on?"

Caught off guard by the thing/person's deep bass voice, Toyotama couldn't help but stare at the new arrival in surprise and awe.

_'This figureâ€¦just what, or better yet __**who**__ is he? He's definitely not a new Sekirei; at least, I'm pretty sure that there aren't any Sekirei that wear armor like that! Maybe he's some sort of new MBI prototype suit sent out to examine and analyse which of us have found our Ashikabi.'_

After a few seconds, she began to analyse the figure's physique closely while it/he continued to analyse the area around it/him.

Firstly she noted that it/he was tall, standing at nearly seven feet at full height easily, its/his entire body covered in red and blue armor. On its/his right shoulder was a white predatory bird with its talons resting on the letters UNSC, while a Golden-Rod Helmet â€" resembling that used by the warriors in Ancient Greece, if the memory of her MBI History lectures served her correctly â€" obscured its left shoulder. In addition, its/his helmet had white stripes running all around the exterior, connecting around a light blue visor that seemed to reflect its/his gaze as it/he swept the surrounding area.

The second and most important feature she noted was the assortment of weaponry which were placed across its body: on its back was some sort of large automatic weapon with Tiger-design stripes outlining its entire frame, along with what looked like an oversized shotgun-based camouflaged rifle. On each of its thighs were duo light machineguns and pistols, while several small, spherical blue orbs rested just below its waist. On its right shoulder was some sort of curved blade that could be unsheathed with ease, with a similar blade resting on its left chest plate.

However, for some reason or another, she gazed intently at the strange silver handle that was attached just behind its/his right shoulder. By the way it was positioned, it seemed clear that it had seen extensive usage before now. Despite it revealing no form of blade or staff on its form, she couldn't help but theorize that, like its owner, there was more to its existence than met the eyes.

(SpartanPrime101: No Transformers pun intended!)

Nonetheless, while Toyotama had no idea of what-or _who_ever this thing was, she could clearly distinguish one clear factor from its arsenal of weaponry.

This person was armed not merely for battle, but for all-out war.

At that moment, she realized that she felt different from a few minutes ago. True she was still startled from the sudden appearance from the humanoid figure, with her pride as a warrior and Sekirei

feeling somewhat unnerved by his sudden interruption of her battle. In addition, she would be _extremely pissed off_ that someone had interrupted said battle for no apparent reason, thus staining her personal belief that she could easily handle herself even against two-to-one odds.

But for reasons she couldn't explain, Toyotama simply stared at the human-shaped figure, while the latter did the same towards her and her opponents.

For some reason or another, she felt strangely comforted by his presence; like she was no longer in any form of danger from any_one_or_ thing._

As if she had finally found what she had been looking for ever since she first became a Sekirei.

"HEY; YOU!"

Of course, the same couldn't be said for the lightning Sekirei in front of and above them.

Both Toyotama and the armored figure focused their attention back towards the twin Sekirei, to see Hikari glaring at them while Hibiki glanced at her sister in surprise.

"Just what the Hell do you think you are? And what's the idea getting involved in our battle?"

The armored figure merely looked up at them in silence, unsure as to how to answer; this situation was definitely not something it/he had been expecting in the slightest to occur.

At the same time, Hibiki couldn't help but feel cautious towards the armored figure. Considering he had somehow arrived in the middle of the fight, AND he was covered from head to foot in armor and weaponry, she wasn't as hostile as she was worried of what would happen should said weaponry be turned towards them.

"Hey uh, Hikari" Hikibi said nervously. "I think we should probably just calm down a minute, cause that thing looks pretty heavily armed. Maybe we shouldâ€¦"

Apparently her words didn't seem to get through to Hikari. "You think that you can just jump into our battle and be allowed to walk away with _our_ target?"

As she spoke, she raised right hand while summoning a bright ball of electricity.

"If that's what your plan isâ€¦" she called as the electricity ball grew to the size of a basketball.

***"You've got another thing comin'!"**

With that, ignoring her sister's expression of shock and fear, she coiled her legs and leapt towards the armored figure.

Both Toyotama and Hibiki stared in shock as Hikari soared through the air, her arm raised back with the electricity ball growing larger as

she closed the distance between her and the armored figure. Smirking, she thrust her arm forward just as she was mere inches from its chestâ€|

â€|only to blink in surprise as she found herself halted in mid-air just inches from the figure's helmet.

"Huh? What theâ€|"

Stunned after having her attack thwarted so abruptly, the lightning Sekirei slowly turned her gaze down at her fist, the lightning energy now slowly dissipating into non-existence...

â€|which the armored figure had _grabbed_ â€" that's right, _grabbed_ â€" mid-punch with his own, stopping her attack dead in its tracks.

While the lightning was still active, it seemed to have little effect on the armored behemoth that stood before her: as the lightning steadily flickered and disappeared, a strange yellow-energy barrier flickered and shifted around its arms, protecting them from potential harm while holding the Sekirei's arms. After a few seconds, the electricity dissipated, leaving the armored figure relatively intact save for the smoke simmering off his gauntlets.

***"Wh-what the HELL?"**

This was the thought going through everyone's mind at that moment; there were very few people, most of them Sekirei, who could somehow stop a head-on attack with their bare hands, be it with or without armor.

So despite that it/he was wearing armored gauntlets, the fact that he managed to stop Hikari's attack without displaying any form of injury was a miracle

The armored figure seemed to sigh in exasperation, its/his shoulders rising and dropping in disbelief at what had transpired before it/he spoke.

"Look miss; I don't know what the Hell is going on here, or how _and_ why the Hell I even got here." As he spoke, the figure glanced between his current captive and the staff wielding woman behind him. "So how about we just hold on for a minute so we can discuss this with dignity and honor. Because I for one don't want any trouble; I just want some answers."

At this, Hikari visibly flinched in disbelief and annoyance at what; first this thing had the gall to interfere with her fight with No.16.

Sneering, she clenched her free hand into a claw-like shape, quickly forming another sphere of pink lightningâ€|

â€|before blasting it into his face, causing him to shout in surprise and pain and relinquishing his hold on her arm for a split second. Quickly pulling her arm free, Hikari jumped up and away towards her sister behind her.

"HA! That's what you get for underestimating us, you damn _freak_!"

Hikari smirked as she watched the armored being kneel over from the surprise lightning attack.

Behind him, Toyotama watched as the figure leaned over as the lightning crackled across its/his armor, the yellow-light barrier flaring to life as it repelled said lightning bolts. As she watched, she felt a strange desire to rush to his side to ensure that he was not too gravely injured.

'I don't understand; why do I feel the need to help this being? I barely even know him, and yetâ€|I just can't help this feelingâ€|'

'Could he beâ€|the one? The one that I'm looking for?'

****{START PLAYING SABTON COAT OF ARMS INSTRUMENTAL} ****

At that moment, all three Sekirei heard some strange noise coming from the figure's armor, most likely the same method through which it had spoken before. As they listened, they could make out what the noise wasâ€|

â€|it sounded just likeâ€|

â€|_music_?

"Do you know what you just did, woman?"

The figure growled deeply as he stood back up, glaring at the two Sekirei in front of him.

"You've just _fracking_ _pissed me off!"

As he spoke, the figure lowered its right arm towards its thigh, just as some small compartment opened up, revealing what seemed to be some strange handle-shaped object connected to what seemed to be a portable energy recharge device built into the armor.

They had not yet realized it, but the two Sekirei twins were about to receive the biggest shock in their lives.

"You wanted to know what I am..."

Clutching said object, the figure raised his arm up in front of him, placing his legs and body in a stance similar to that used by swordsmen ready to engage each other in combatâ€|

****"I'm a God Damn SPARTAN!"****

â€|as a duo Golden-Rod energy blade sprung forth from the handle, illuminating his armor and helmet in a bright, demonic glow.

What he didn't notice was how the woman behind him had suddenly gone rigid in shock and admiration, her breathing somehow becoming heavy and uncontrolled.

The figure dropped his sword down to his left before raising it up and over to his right in an arc-like salute, his blade humming as it moved through the air.

_ "î•î»îµî»îµï...!" _**

Bellowing out a battle cry, the 'Spartan' charged forward towards the twin Sekirei, bringing his blade in a sideswipe motion, aiming to render their heads from their shoulders.

The shocked Sekirei swiftly dodged to either side of the oncoming Spartan " with Hibiki leaping to his right and Hikari his left " just barely avoiding the oncoming sword as it cut through the space where their heads used to be.

(This is based from Toyotama's perspective, just so you know. So this will be how she watches the battle unfold.)

However, the Spartan then spun around in a full 360 degree turn, twisting his energy sword and slicing through a portion of Hibiki's left pony tail, just barely missing cutting her arm right off at the shoulder.

"HIBIKI!" Hikari screamed as her sister just barely managed to avoid dissected, watching as she jumped across the alleyway and landed beside her on top of a nearby one-story storage building.

"Are you alright?"

"Y-yeah, I'm fine" Hibiki said shakily, trying to regain her breath. Having just barely escaping certain death, she was relieved that it was only her hair that had paid the price.

Only for both of them to freeze as another war cry echoed off the surrounding buildings down the street. Looking down, they saw the Spartan racing towards the building on which they had landed, jumping off the ground and grasping the wall with his free hand, pulling himself up towards the duo Sekirei.

"SHIT!"

Now both were forced to leap out of the way of the oncoming Spartan again, their eyes widening in surprise as he landed where Hibiki was just standing, leaving a notable pair of imprints where his armored feet hit the roof.

Not hesitating for a moment, the Spartan rushed forward towards the twin Sekirei, swinging his sword at their chests and forcing them to jump backwards to avoid being dissected

only to be caught off guard when their assailant followed through with a swift kick to each of their abdomens, causing them to leap backwards off the rooftop and back down to the pavement below.

Thankfully, as a result of the augmentations they had received during their growth process at MBI, the two Sekirei had increased speed and durability in case they were faced with another equally strong Sekirei.

However, that didn't change the fact that if not for their speed and agility, the Spartan's kicks would've been more than enough to leave some severe injuries had they connected.

***"Dammit!"** Hikari shouted angrily. "Just who the Hell is this guy?"

Opposite her, Hibiki wasn't so much angry as she was nervous. Whoever or _whatever_ this guy was, the fact that he was using what seemed to be military equipment " and was aiming to potentially seriously injure them, if not kill them " meant that he wasn't someone to mess around with.

"Maybe you shouldn't have attacked him like that, Hikari."

Hikari sneered angrily as she turned to her sister. "Hey, shut up; besides he started it by getting involved in our fight!"

Jumping down from the storage unit, the Spartan simply regarded the twin Sekirei, silently observing their positions as he brought his sword across his chest, ready to defend himself should the lightning Sekirei launch another attack.

Hikari and Hibiki glared at the Spartan (the former more than the latter) as they considered their next move. Despite their desire to end their fight with Toyotama, neither was too eager to test their luck a second time, considering that this guy had managed to catch them off-guard without so much as a moment of hesitation. In addition, there was the probability that this 'Spartan' and Toyotama might decide to team up against them, thus evening out the twins' key advantage of numbers.

"Damn! Fine, let's just go" Hikari growled before her and Hibiki leapt upwards to the top of the building behind them.

***"Consider yourself lucky, you fucking Bastard!"** Hikari shouted.
***"Because the next time we meet, you'll be nothing more than charred meat and scrap metal by the time we're through with you
****_and_**** her."**

With that, they jumped over the building's ledge and out of sight.

And like that, just as suddenly as it had started, the fight had ended, with the surrounding alleyway falling silent once more as the sounds of battle faded into nothing.

"Well, that was unusual and a little anti-climactic" the armored behemoth muttered, staring at where the twin Sekirei had disappeared. Deactivating his energy blade and clipping it back on his thigh, the figure then turned around to face the remaining Sekirei behind him.

Throughout the entire engagement, Toyotama had watched in stunned amazement at what had just transpired. In just a few minutes, this so-called Spartan (if she heard correctly) had not only managed to close the distance between him and the lightning twins, forcing them to fight him in close-quarters, but had held both of them off without providing them the chance to either escape or launch an effective counter-attack.

The armored figure then raised its/his arms upwards, causing her to freeze in surprise and suspicion at what its/his intentions were. Despite her current emotions, she was confident that she could easily

hold him off should he decide to fight her as well.

However, what happened next was not what she was anticipating.

Reaching up, it grasped its helmet in its armored hands, a distinctive hissing signifying the release of the armors safety clamps, before pulling its helmet up and off of its head, allowing Toyotama to see his face for the first time.

Her breath caught in her chest at what she saw: the man had the features of a young adult, presumably in his early/mid-twenties, with a well-built Greek-Caucasian face with stark blue eyes, medium length dirty brown hair and a lightly shaved goatee, with a faded scar over his right eye.

And surprisingly, said face was formed in an apologetic expression, almost as if in realization that he had interrupted her battle with the lightning twins before.

"Heh; sorry about all that!" he said in a bass-tenor voice. "I guess I kinda went overboard back there, didn't I?"

Standing up in a military pose, he then rose his right fist and thumped it on his chest in a salute, bowing slightly forward towards the still stunned Sekirei before him.

"I am Spartan-208 of the 303rd Hoplite Battle Corp!"

He then gave a lop-sided light-hearted smile at the staff-wielding Sekirei. "and it's a pleasure and an honour to meet you."

â€|

Thu-thump

â€|

Ecstasy.

â€|

Thu-thump

â€|

Pure, heart pounding ecstasy.

That was all that Toyotama felt the moment she saw the figure's smile for the first time. Her heart pounded like a drum in her chest, her breath coming in deep gasps as her face flushed from the sexual lust coursing through her entire body. She wrapped her left arm around her breasts in an attempt to steady her heart while her right reached down and grasped her now wet nether. Her growing desire soon became too unbearable and she began to topple forward as she lost all sense of balance in her ecstasy.

She distinctively heard the 'Spartan' cry out "Holy Crap" as she felt a pair of armored hands catch her before she hit the ground. She

could barely think straight as she tilted her flushed face upwards towards her savior, her eyes leaking tears as she looked upon the face of the one who had awoken her inner desires.

"Hey, are you okay miss? Hey, can you hear me? C'mon, do or say something."

Looking into his blue eyes, she could see genuine concern and kindness as she clutched at his arms, a slight blush forming on his cheeks as he too looked into her emerald blue eyes. This in turn deepened the sheer lust pulsing through her body, her bosom becoming desperate for sexual satisfaction, causing her to blush in embarrassment that she was reacting so strongly to this man.

'â€|pleaseâ€|'

Ignoring her embarrassment for the moment, she reached her left hand to the man's face, grasping his right cheek as she leaned forward, shivering as his armored one found and softly held her ownâ€|

'â€|don'tâ€|keep meâ€|waitingâ€|'

â€|her lips quivering as they closed the distance between those of the Spartan, who was also leaning in towards herâ€|

'â€|I...need thisâ€|'

â€|his blue eyes gazing deep into her own, displaying his own sense of pride and courage as a warrior.

'Iâ€|I can'tâ€|don't deny me thisâ€|'

Toyotama could barely think straight, her mind being completely fogged over by the emotions in her heart.

'â€|for you areâ€|'

Their eyes closed as their lips parted, their breaths becoming long and heavyâ€|

'â€|my one and onlyâ€|'

â€|closing the remaining distance between their panting, glistening lipsâ€|

'â€|Ashikabiâ€|'

â€|and became embraced in a deep, passionate kiss.

It was then that both felt a near-supernatural bond flow through their souls, uniting them in an unbreakable bond of pure love. In that moment, an eternity of emotions flowed throughout her entire body, mind and finally soul, igniting a fire in her chest and bosom that could've put the sun itself to shame.

As their kiss intensified, Toyotama felt her inner core expand and increase as her full power awakened. As her power finally reached its climax, several shining green and white wings erupted from her

Sekirei symbol on her neck, signifying the full awakening of her powers.

'At lastâ€|I'm finally complete.'

As her wings dissipated into her symbol, she and her new Ashikabi (she smiled at that thought) broke their kiss to look at each other for the first time since his arrival.

Said Ashikabi was blushing as a sheepish smile crept onto his face, his eyes filled with pleasant surprise and disbelief at what had just transpired.

"Wow; that wasâ€|wow!"

Smirking at her Ashikabi's reaction, she clutched her staff as she declared the oath that he and he alone would hear from her.

"I am Sekirei No.16: Toyotama" the blushing Sekirei said, a loving smile forming on her face as she looked into the stunned, handsome face of the man before her.

"â€|and by the might of my staff, my heart and love shall be yours forever moreâ€|"

"â€|my beloved
Ashikabi."

{{}}{{}}{{}}{{}}{{}}{{}}{{}}{{}}{{}}{{}}{{}}

And here you are folks; the second installment of Sekirei Legends. I hope you liked it, as I enjoyed writing it. Till next time folks.

****= Greek Battle cry from the Battle of Marathon in 490BCE (English translation:****_ "ELELEU!"_****). Considering that he's a Spartan, I figured that he would be well versed in speaking Ancient and Modern Greek.**

3. Chapter 3 - Introductions

Sekirei Legends

**Heyoooh, this is SpartanPrime101 bringing you the next update for Sekirei Legends. **

Well, first off: due to several reviews voicing their disappointment, I am debating whether or not to add Uzume to my Spartan's harem, along with a few other Sekirei. More information can be found at the end of these chapter.

**Second, yes, I know; I haven't been updating my stories like I promised. Sadly, final exams and papers, and a slight case of writer's block have prevented me from making any headway in my writing save for a few sentences per day. However, with summer now in full swing, between part time work and taking care of my Grandma, I will have more time to write my stories with greater results.
**

****Once again, I do not own Halo (save for my Spartan character) or Sekirei; they belong to Bungie and Sakurato Gokurakuin respectfully.****

****Just so you know, I was listening to Sabaton Heroes: To Hell and Back and Resist and Bite while I was writing the last segment of this chapter.****

****Well enough chit-chat, here is Sekirei Legends Chapter 3.****

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"Speaking"

_'__Thought'__

_"__Past-Tense"__

{ } { } { } { } { } { } { } { } { } { } { } { } { } { } { } { }

****_{Chapter 3: Introductions}_****

****_{Tokyo, Japan, 2020}_****

Atop a support beam of an under-construction office building, a single figure was helping herself to a sample of fine sake. Sipping at her sake dish, she let out a satisfied moan as the rich alcohol travelled past her throat into her body.

Ever since her rejection by 'that man', she had sought out relief from her pain by drinking her sorrows away in the blissful oblivion that is alcohol. In fact, at the rate she was drinking this stuff, had she been a normal human, she would've most definitely died from an alcohol-over-dosage.

"Hhmmâ€|that's the stuff." She smiled as she poured herself another sample of her relief beverage. "Heh-heh; it seems that I'll need to see if Miya will let me re-stock my booze supply. It really is a shame that I go through so much sake so quickly."

****_{SpartanPrime101: Well No Shit! I wonder why!}_****

The women sighed. "Aw well! Nothing I can do about it now. At least the winds are calm today; I guess it isn't a bad thing, considering how fast things have been going lately."

Having poured another sample of sake on her saucer, the woman held her drink in front of her mouth as she sampled the stillness around her.

It was then that a bright pillar of light shone down from the sky to the ground below, shinning across the city for a few moments before disappearing into nothing.

The women frowned, knowing that while she had no idea as to what was happening, she wouldn't be the only one interested in what she just saw. Considering that the light had appeared in the same vicinity where an on-going battle between Sekirei was currently taking place,

this would definitely attract the attention of MBI and its head director: Minaka Hiroko.

As well as a certain grey-haired leader of the newly re-assembled Discipline Squad.

Then, she felt something.

Something that seemed to provide a calm but powerful presence all along the air currents that flowed throughout the city.

Whatever it was that created this presence, the woman knew that it had changed the pattern on which the winds, and the Plan itself, were flowing.

And whatever it was, there was one thing that could be confirmed: the source of this presence was now here in the city; a city that had already seen its fair share of change, be it natural or forced.

And the sourceâ€|was an Ashikabi.

A potentially very powerful
Ashikabi.

[illegible]

"Wow; that wasâ€|wow!"

Smirking at her Ashikabi's reaction, she clutched her staff as she declared the oath that he and he alone would hear from her.

"I am Sekirei No.16: Toyotama" the blushing Sekirei said, a loving smile forming on her face as she looked into the stunned, handsome face of the man before her.

"and by the might of my staff, my heart and love shall be yours forever more" my beloved Ashikabi."

The Spartan-IV blinked in surprise and confusion; for all his experience in fighting insurgents and Covenant-Loyalist Brute Chieftains and " on the rare occasion - Elites, he was definitely not prepared for handling what was transpiring in front of him right now.

"I'm sorryâ€¦your Ashi-what now?"

Smirking at her new Ashikabi's confusion, she began to further study his physical features a little more closely. At full height he easily outsized her, reaching an impressive 6'5 even without his helmet, which was laying on the ground just beside his right foot. His face was well tanned with a small, neat goatee trim on his chin, with a pair of clear blue eyes that radiated a presence of strength, pride, and at the moment, confusion and surprise.

Oh yeah, Toyotama had scored a definite winner of an Ashikabi.

"That's right, handsome; I am Toyotama, the Staff Sekirei and your wife. And you" she said coyly as she stepped forward and placed her right hand in the Spartan's right chest plate. "â€|Are my Ashikabi

and husband now and forever."

At the same time, Michael was examining the beautiful woman in front of him, still trying to clarify what had just transpired.

Standing at an impressive 5'8, she had long dark-green hair that seemed to flow quite well with her body, with dark-blue eyes and light pink lips that were formed in a light, humorous smirk. Glancing downward, he took note of her white and dark-blue leotard, which provided him a clear view of the outline of her cleavage and assets.

He also noticed a strange symbol that reminded him of the old species of birds that were found on Earth in the island nation of Japan. Something they commonly referred to, in English translation, as a Sekirei.

At that moment, what 'Toyotama' had just said clicked in his mind, causing him to blush in utter disbelief.

"Wait! **wife**?"

Toyotama smirked at his reaction; she could probably have some fun with this one.

"You heard what I said, handsome: I am your Sekirei and your wife, just as you are now my Ashikabi and husband. Which means, from this point forward, you and I are fated to be together forever more."

She then began to slowly sway her hips exotically as she wrapped her arms around her breasts, her staff now resting in the crevice of her left elbow, lifting said assets just enough to catch the Spartan's attention.

"Of course," she said seductively, emphasizing her words by jiggling her breasts slightly as a light blush developed on her face. "...that also entitles you free access to a few additional bonuses that I can offer."

The Spartan's eyes widened in surprise, a slight blush forming on his face as he glanced down at her moving assets.

Now, as a Spartan-IV Super-Soldier, Michael had received extensive, and punitive, training in order to resist any form of sexual influence from the opposite sex, considering that he was often on 24/7 deployment status against colonial insurrectionist movements for the past few years. As well, during the augmentation process he had received after joining the Spartan-IV Program, his sexual drive had been decreased to prevent him from experiencing any form of sexual desires while on deployment.

However, in that perspective, he was no S-II or III, and as such the desires, while slightly nullified, were still there. And he couldn't deny that her teasing smirk did indeed make her look like an angel from heaven. If he wasn't a highly trained Spartan and wasn't still trying to clarify how he had arrived in his current location, he might have taken her that moment with barely any hesitation.

Toyotama's smirk grew as she caught his line of sight being directed at her chest. While he was clearly a warrior, and a highly accomplished one at that if his performance just moments before wasn't evident enough, he was still a man under all that armor.

Oh yeah; she was definitely going to have fun with him.

"You know" she stated, placing her hand back on her hip as she playfully glared at the armored behemoth before her. "â€|It's considered quite rude for someone to interrupt a woman when she's in the middle of a battle, especially if it is between fellow Sekirei!"

The Spartan stared for a brief moment, his eyes widening in surprise at the Sekirei's words, before he noticed the humor in his 'wife's' eyes. While he was still concerned of his current situation, he had learned long ago that humor was a good way to help 'break the ice' so to speak. As such, until he got some answers as to how he had arrived here, it wouldn't hurt to make some connections with the local populace; in the event that he was forced to take up residence for an extended period of time.

Refusing to take the bait, he fell back on one of the key skills he had learned during his time as a UNSC Marine on Gracemaria.

A little something called 'turning the tables'.

"So, what you're saying isâ€|" he stated as he crossed his arms across his chest, the expression on his face like that needed to interrogate criminals and insurgents back home "â€|that I should've just stayed back and let those S&M yahoo's make you the special guest of their little 'lightning-style' danceâ€|and have me be denied the opportunity to play the role of Prince Charming on his way to rescue his beloved damsel in distress from the dark forces of evil so as to share our deep and passionate true loves first kiss?"

'â€|'

'â€|'

Toyotama simply face-faulted, her mouth slightly open in surprise as she blushed at the implication behind the Spartan's words. She then blushed deeper as she noticed how his eyes remained fixated on hers, like they were piercing into her very soul, challenging her to deny the intent behind his statement.

"But I...you...wha-...I mean..."

It was only when he allowed a small smirk to form on his face that she realized the actual intent behind his words.

She had been baited, and she had fallen for it. Hook, line and sinker.

_'__I'll be damned! I actually fucking fell for it!_' she thought to herself in disbelief and exasperation, though she couldn't help but congratulate her Ashikabi for managing to pull one over her so easily.

"Well, in any case" she admitted, "if you hadn't intervened when you did, I would've been suffering from a lot worse than a slight blow to my pride, soâ€¦thanks."

"It was my pleasure" Michael said, a compassionate smile donning his face. "Besides, like yourself if I'm not mistaken, I also believe in fair one-on-one combat." He paused as a knowing frown formed in place of his previous smirk. "Where I come from, for a fighter to attain victory through the use of additional numbers in order to overwhelm their opponentâ€¦is a great disgrace to one's sense of honour as a warrior and soldier."

Toyotama stared again, this time with an expression of surprise mixed with a trace of admiration.

_ '___He really is an honorable warrior at heart.' _

Toyotama blinked as she leaned back slightly to relax her stance. "Well then, big guy; what say you to a re-introduction?"

The Spartan paused for a moment before nodding. "Of course" he stated as he uncrossed his arms and brought his right arm out towards her. "Spartan-208 Captain 2nd Grade 'Michael' at your service."

Toyotama's eyes and smile widened in surprise and admiration as she shook his hand with hers. "You're a soldier?"

"Yes mam" Michael said proudly. "Four years in the UN Marines and three years after that as a Spartan-IV Commando of Fireteam Phalanx; proud and honorable warrior of the 303rd New Sparta 'Hoplite' Battle Corps of the colony of Gracemaria."

Toyotama deadpanned as a sweat-drop formed on her forehead. "That's quite a mouthful."

The Spartan shrugged. "Yeah, I get that a lot. So, if it isn't too much trouble, could you tell me exactly where I am? Because, as you can probably tell, I'm not exactly from around here."

The Staff Sekirei blinked in confusion. Was he being serious?

"If I remember correctly, we are currently just a few blocks from the northern district of New Tokyo. I'd think even you should be able to figure out that much."

Michael frowned. "New Tokyo? You mean like that on the colony of New Pacifia?"

Another sweat-drop formed on Toyotama's forehead. "Noâ€¦I mean New Tokyo, Japan. You know, on Planet Earth; the third planet from the sun."

'â€¦'

'â€¦'

"Sayâ€¦what now?"

Glancing upward, Toyotama rose and pointed her right index finger

just above and behind the Spartan. Turning around, he saw a large billboard sized flat-screen television on one of the sky scrapers, displaying what looked like a news coverage of recent events and political/social developments.

And across the bottom of the screen were what appeared to be Japanese symbols, with an English translation just beneath it that said:

BREAKING NEWS: MBI EXTENDS CONTROL OVER CAPITAL

Tokyo residents becoming increasingly concerned of growing number of clashes throughout city center. MBI law authorities have been permitted to begin interrogations to witnesses of these clashes, with twelve citizens having been taken into custody for questioning. MBI ECO Minaka Hiroto claims that this is to maintain stability in the city's journey to a 'New Era of the Gods'.

New Tokyo News, May 12**th****, 2020.**

'â€|'

'â€|'

"Ah, **shieet! You've got to be fucking kidding me! Are you telling me that I travelled back in time to the frickin' twentieth century? Are you FUCKING kidding me?***

Toyotama could only stare in mild disbelief as the Spartan let loose with a few selected cuss words that, to her, seemed to be of little significance to deserve such a response.

It was clear, however, that they both had some explaining to do before the day was done.

A few moments later Michael had finally finished his train of cussing â€" though his sense of dread and disbelief remained unrelieved â€" and turned his full attention to the Sekirei before him. "We're not really on Earth, are we? This is actually some sort of ONI training simulation, right? You're certain that we aren't in some sort of hard-light holographic chamber on an unknown Forerunner shield world or something?"

It was Toyotama's turn to frown in confusion. _'Simulation? Forerunner? What the hell is he talking about? And why the hell is he so wound up all of a sudden? Jeez, the way he talks it's like he's some sort of space-man or something. For all of his sexiness and skills in combat, I sure as hell picked a strange man to be my Ashikabi.'_

Her expression must have told him everything as his once again turned to one of sheer disbelief and frustration. "Oh living fucking shit! Of all the fucking things to happen to me; I just had to be sent back to the Sol System of all places. And back in time to the early 20th Century no less. Oh yeah, the dam eggheads at ONI sure nailed their Intel on the button this time. A simple escort mission into the outer sector, that's what they said; what else could possibly go wrong?"

Their attention was then drawn to the sounds of hurried steps approaching from either end of the alleyway, shortly followed by dozens of citizens who had heard the sound of fighting and had come to investigate.

"Ah Shit! Me and my fucking big mouth!"

Citizens that were no doubt, as the Spartan was guessing, accompanied by local law enforcement personal.

Reacting quickly, he pulled a large grey knapsack from his back waist and opened up the main compartment. After a brief moment rummaging through said compartment, he pulled out and unravelled his large dark-grey fabric survival cloak with the bold letters UNSC on the sleeves and back.

_[Equipment Info: __Based on those used by the Hudson Bay Company during the early colonization of North America during the 16__th__-17__th__ Centuries, the MK-IV 'All-Purpose Survival Cloak' was among the most reliable and durable throughout the UNSC Special Forces. The APSC was designed to withstand even the coldest and wettest environmental conditions. Depending on size and storage capacity, each variant of the APSC is specifically designed for maximum usage by ODS and Spartan-Commando units. It also had a large foldable storage flap which could hold an assortment of equipment and supplies, be it weaponry or mechanical tools and parts. The APSC is often referred to as the 'Hitchhiker's Pack' for its goony design and shape, particularly by UN Marines and members of the SPARTAN-IV Program.]_

Flipping it above and around his head and back, Michael placed the cloak on the ground in front of him. He then removed his weapons from his back and thighs and began assorting them out, with only his Battle Axe and Energy Sword remaining in their respective compartments.

The last thing he wanted was to be arrested and interned for carrying military-grade weaponry in a civilian community.

Michael then folded the compartment into a stable bundle, securing the safety straps before lifting it up and around his waist. Once the bundle was secure, he folded up the APSC's 'hoodie' fabric, pulling it up and over his upper back and shoulders.

To Toyotama, having temporarily gotten over her confusion at his reaction just moments before, it only made him appear all the more muscular and, if her growing blush had anything to say about it, sexy.

Reaching down and securing his helmet just under the hoodie, Michael scanned the alleyway in search of an alternative route away from the approaching footsteps, which were steadily becoming louder and clearer.

"I think now would be a good time to go." Michael stated as he started to turn, only for Toyotama to grab his arm as she rubbed her body against his armored chest plate.

"What's the hurry?" she questioned, a teasing smile once again displayed on her angelic face. "Isn't the hero supposed to declare

his devotion to the one he truly loves?"

Her smile then turned lusty as she circled her index finger on his chest, her face once again donning a light blush as she spoke. "Or could it be thatâ€¦you want to take things to the next level so soon in our relat-"

What Toyotama wanted to say died mid-sentence as she looked up at the Spartan's eyes. Before they were light-hearted and playful, while showing a trace of playful humor at their shared teasing. But now, they were hard and serious, similar to those of someone who was about to jump into a fight for his life: calculating and coiled for whatever was about to occur.

They also reflected something that had her staring in surprise as a strange new sense coursed through her body; an emotion that was alien yet also familiar to her all at once.

Security.

Somehow she knew, without having to ask, that even when he didn't know her, he would always be by her side, no matter the consequences.

The Spartan's eyes then softened as he gazed into her dark-blue eyes. "I know you must have a few more questions as to who I am, as I do for you as well. So what say you that we find somewhere to rest and take up residence before we attract any unwanted attention?"

The Staff Sekirei could only nod as her mind was still muddled by the armored behemoth's aura.

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_ '___You really are one of a kind, my beloved Ashikabi' _Toyotama
sighed to herself as she allowed the Spartan to lead her towards the
nearest alley
exit.

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[illegible]

What neither of them realized was that a small security camera just above the backdoor of a nearby convenient store was recording their every move, while sending the recorded footage back to the source of the person responsible for hacking said security device.

From her seat in front of her laptop, a grey-haired spectacled woman watched silently as the newly bonded Sekirei and Ashikabi walked along the street oblivious to her actions.

Having been watching them for the past few minutes, the woman made certain to document anything and everything she could about him and his Sekirei "No. 16 Toyotama."

The woman moved her mouse to click on the screen, causing an enhanced image of the 'armored Ashikabi' to appear before her. In spite of the cloak draped over his shoulders, her skills as a Brain-type Sekirei enabled her to easily spot the outline of the Ashikabi's armor and weaponry hidden under said piece of clothing.

Whoever this man was, she knew that he could cause significant trouble for her 'employer' in the near future.

Then the man turned his head, revealing his face to the camera's scope of vision as he led the two of them towards the alley exit.

A face that displayed a cool, calm aura similar to that of a storm ready to unleash its might against any who stood in its way.

 $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{R}$

Thu-thump

—â€¦—

The woman's eyes widened in pure shock as she began to feel a warmth begin to form in her chest. Her breaths then started coming out in deep pants as the warmth grew even stronger, her hand subconsciously rising to her left breast, slowly kneading said asset as she continued watching the footage of the security camera.

 $\hat{\in} |$

Thu-thump

 $\hat{\in} |$

_'___It's him.'_

She had found him. Upon seeing his face, that calm, vigilant and confident face, she knew that he was the one; the one thing and person she had been looking for.

In spite of her so called 'contract' with her current employer, she had finally found the person she was destined to spend her life with for eternity.

At that moment, any allegiance she had or would've had with one Kakizaki and his boss was gone, replaced with a new sense of purpose and loyalty to the handsome man currently seeking for a place of residence for himself and his new 'wife' - soon to be wives.

_'__I must and will assist him in his journey to the heaven'sâ€|no
matter what.'__

For at long last, Sekirei #22 Kochou had found her one, true Ashikabi.

[illegible]

****Finally; after all these months of excruciating effort and patience, I've finally finished the next chapter of Sekirei Legends. To everyone who had asked and are asking about this story, don't worry â€" I have no intention of dropping it anytime soon.****

**As mentioned before, I'm still debating as to whether I should have Uzume as part of my Spartan's harem. While I have no doubt it would make this a good story, it wouldn't exactly help me in planning out the plot of future chapters. A good idea would be to have her being ordered to terminate my Spartan's Sekirei before they became a

challenge " or better yet, have her terminate him under the belief that he himself is a Sekirei in armor " only for my Spartan to"Hey Wait a minute! No spoilers!**

****In any case, I'm still debating Uzume's role in this story and whether or not to have her as a friend or a potential enemy.****

****I thank you all for being patient with my delay in posting new updates and assure you that all of my stories will not be put on hiatus anytime soon.****

****So Till' All Are One Comrades.****

4. Chapter 4: The Warning

****_Sekirei Legends_****

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**Heyoooh, this is SpartanPrime101 bringing you the next update for
Sekirei Legends. **
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Well, first off: due to several reviews voicing their disappointment, I shall be adding Uzume to my Spartan's harem, while pairing her up with Chiho as an adopted Big Sister of sorts. Truthfully I was torn between whether I should include Uzume in my Spartan's harem or not. Looks like this is how it's going to be.

****As of now, my Spartan's harem will be: #16 Toyotama, #10 Uzume, #22 Kocho and #4 Karasuba. If anyone has any complaints, please write them in the review section down below in an orderly, civilized matter.****

****Once again, I do not own Halo (save for my Spartan character) or Sekirei; they belong to Bungie and Sakurato Gokurakuin respectfully.****

****Now, sit back and enjoy the fourth installment of Sekirei Legends.****

[illegible]

"Speaking"

— 'Thought' —

_"__Radio/Cellphone"__

[illegible]

****_Chapter 4: The Warning_****

****_{Northern District, Tokyo, Japan, 2020}_****

Michael sighed deeply as he pinched the bridge of his nose in an attempt to clear his train of thoughts. After making a quick exit from the alleyway, both he and Toyotama had made their way to a small open park, where they had managed to find a secluded area near the forested area in the central area away from any prying eyes or ears. Thankfully they had avoided attention from local authorities and

wondering civilians, with whom the Spartan was not in the mood of dealing with. Once they were alone, Michael had asked Toyotama tell him everything concerning who and what she was and what had occurred back in the alleyway.

To say he was surprised was an understatement.

"Okay, let me get this straight: you're one of one hundred and eight individuals that are part of an extra-terrestrial species called Sekirei, which are for lack of a better term super-powered beings that had crash landed here on Earth centuries ago before being discovered, awoken and later released by some conglomerate called MBI?"

Said Sekirei nodded in affirmation.

"And that now I'm what you call an Ashikabi, which is the certain individual you Sekirei were sent out into the city to look for to be the one with whom you spend the rest of your lives with?"

Toyotama nodded again.

"Which was determined with that kiss that we shared back in the alley, thus awakening what you call your Norito" the source of your full power that activates upon forging this so-called bond, and that we can actually sense each other's emotions through this bond be it in everyday activities or combat."

Toyotama nodded a third time.

"And now we're to take part in some sort of competition called the Sekirei Plan, in which we have to fight all the other 107 Sekirei residing throughout the city until there is only one Ashikabi-Sekirei pair remaining. And said pair would 'transcend above to the realm of the Gods' as quoted by this Minaka person you spoke of."

Toyotama nodded a final time, causing Michael to sigh in disbelief. "If I wasn't who I am, I would think that this was all some weird dream, not that I'm complaining about some of the benefits" he finished lamely while glancing at Toyotama's face and chest, causing said Sekirei to smile and blush in appreciation. "But considering what I've seen and been through throughout my career as a Spartan I can't exactly claim otherwise. However, I'm still a little confused about all this. I mean we barely just met a few minutes ago, and you've already started acting like we're a married couple."

"Of course" Toyotama stated like it was obvious. "We Sekirei are meant to seek out the one person who is our Ashikabi; the one we are meant to serve and protect forever." As she spoke, Toyotama stepped forward to put her hands on the Spartan's chest, slowly feeling the armored bulk of the Spartan's armor and causing said Spartan to lightly blush at her affectionate motions.

"So I take it that finding this Ashikabi is essential for your race," Michael questioned as he tried and failed to not take notice of Toyotama's

Toyotama smirked at the Spartan's growing unease and nervousness, which she herself could sense through her Norito, as she continued her caressing. "It's a natural fact of life for us; we Sekirei are

part of a culture that is based on the basis of love and fate, both of which are essential to our race. And one of our duties is to serve our Ashikabi as our master and husband, even give our life in necessary." She then frowned as a certain memory arose in her mind, "though it's this sacred bond that also makes us targets for other lowlife's that desire our powers and abilities."

This caused Michael's expression to become serious despite the lingering embarrassment to the Sekirei's fondling. "Other lowlives?"

Toyotama nodded gravely, "We Sekirei were unleashed into the city by MBI to find our Ashikabi, with the intent of us being bonded to someone as partners in the Sekirei Plan, regardless of whether or not they're the ones who will become our true Ashikabi. As long as we find and bond with someone and can take part in the Sekirei Plan, those shitheads at MBI don't care what happens to us save for if we're deactivated."

She then froze in surprise as the Spartan grasped and held her arms out of reach.

"What do you mean by _deactivated_?"

Toyotama shivered at the Spartan's tone, though she refused to shed away from his piercing gaze. "That's the point of the Sekirei Plan: once we Sekirei find our Ashikabi, we're meant to battle other Ashikabi in order to defeat their Sekirei. When Sekirei receive enough damage in combat, their Norito deactivates and they go into a coma-like state, similar to a human's body after they die, upon which MBI comes and collects us and brings us back to their headquarters to be reprogramed and our memories erased."

This only served to fuel the Spartan's anger, "So basically they just send you out to serve some stranger, regardless if they're your true Ashikabi or not, for the rest of your lives as slaves? And then just erase your memories of your Ashikabi should you end up dead as a result of the competition they themselves are forcing you to take part in?"

Toyotama nodded grimly, "that's the jest of Minaka's game plan for us."

Michael merely lowered his head and shut his eyes, his face furrowed into an expression of deep thought.

_"__No one should have to live that way."_

While it was but a whisper, Toyotama frowned at her Ashikabi's words as she examined his face for any sign of emotions. Though it was hard to describe his physical emotions, she could easily sense his suppressed anger through their bond.

At the same time, she could sense another emotion that seemed to surpass his anger, yet was also superseded in turn by his anger.

After a moment she realized what it was, her eyes widening in surprise as the realization revealed the reason behind his anger—that he had already endured a trial far greater than that of

physical strength.

Heartbreak.

It was there, just barely being suppressed in the back of the Spartan's mind and soul â€" that feeling of loss at having lost the one he had cared for, as well as the guilt of, as was most likely, him believing he had been unable to change what had happened.

That despite the fact she was gone, there was something that could have been done to prevent that loss.

Toyotama's eyes softened in condolence and understanding â€" for a Sekirei, the worst possible fate was to lose their chance to find love, be it through their chosen Ashikabi declining their oath of loyalty or from being pushed into a forced wining by someone who was not their fated one.

Just like what had happened to her sister Sekirei Ichiya and the man that had forcibly winged her when she and Toyotama had been separated; the man that had initially tried to force-wing her before Ichiya sacrificed herself in her place.

Higa Izumi.

While most Sekirei were adjusted to not feel emotions of vengeance, Toyotama was not what one would refer to as a normal Sekirei. As stated by her adjustor back at MBI, both she and Ichiya were what were described as 'harpy' Sekirei, having developed rebellious characteristics in terms of their fighting style and battlefield tactics. As such, both had different views toward the Sekirei Plan from other combat-type Sekirei.

For instance, while most Sekirei regarded their battles to be fought as one-on-one engagements, Toyotama had no such morality. She could be outnumbered or be on the side that outnumbered the enemy for all she cared so long as she got the chance to fight or, as she secretly shivered in anticipation, have all-out passionate sex with her Ashikabi.

This also meant that when she got the chance, she was going to make a certain douchebag suffer dearly for what he had done to her and her sister Sekirei.

However, even she understood the burden of loss, be it of a loved one or a comrade in arms; and that was why at that moment, seeing her new 'Spartan' Ashikabi silently mourn at a fallen comrade, she made a solemn vow to do her best as a Sekirei and a wife to take his mind off his sorrows and towards other more beneficial thoughts.

The Spartan then let out a deep breath as he turned his gaze back at the Sekirei, blinking his eyes in surprise at the devilish smirk that highlighted her face.

_ '___Why do I get the feeling that she's up to something? And that it's got something to do withâ€" '_

RING-RING

The sound of a ringtone caused both him and Toyotama to glance down

at his helmet. He reached down and detached a small ear-piece cellphone from the inner back plate, activating its ID system. The sight of the 'unknown caller' caused his Spartan 'warning' sense to kick in: Considering that he was supposedly in the twentieth century, when the aspect of inter-stellar travel hadn't yet been thought of, the fact that someone had access to his private communications device definitely got him suspicious.

_'__I've got a bad feeling about this' _the Spartan pondered as he answered the device.

"Hello-"

_"__**TADAA!**__"

Michael held the ear-piece away from his ear as the voice screeched loudly before placing it back to his ear.

"Who the Hell is this?"

_"__Greetings and Salutations young man. You have just earned yourself a great honor, for you have been chosen to take part in a grand tournament for fame and fortune the likes of which you never-_"_

**CLICK **

Michael frowned as he disconnected the transmission in distaste. "No matter where I go or how many times I hear them, I really hate bloody sales people."

Glancing upwards he caught sight of Toyotama looking at him in mild surprise, shrugging it off as a reaction to his show of rudeness on the phone. "Sorry about that. Right, now all that's left for us is to-"

RING-RING

He was once again interrupted by his cellphone ringing a second time. Michael frowned at the device before answering it.

"Yes, what is it?"

_"__Young man, did you just hang up on me?"_ The voice spoke in an insulted tone.

_'__Oh great, it's that sales guy again; like all those before him, not so easily deterred by my hanging upâ€¦typical.'_ Michael paused as if in deep thought before he responded. "Did I just hang up on you? Well Jeez I don't know, did it sound something like this?"

CLICK

Michael sighed as he pinched the bridge of his nose in annoyance. _'I swear what is it with me and those damn sales people?' It's like they enjoy driving me crazy. Device's heavily encrypted security codes. I can stare down a Brute Chieftain going berserk and yet I can't stand listening to one lowly commercial caller. That's just downright insulting. And seriously, just how the hell do they always seem to

get through my comm. device's encryption codes? It's just bloody ridiculous'_

Michael then turned the ear-piece off and placed it back in his helmet, hoping that whoever that guy was wouldn't try to call a third time.

****_RING-RING_****

Unfortunately, luck was not on his side that day.

"Oh for God's sake!" Michael muttered as another ringtone started going off in Toyotama's pant pocket, the latter smiling humorously at her Ashikabi's antics as she answered her personal cellphone. The Staff Sekirei then frowned as she listened to the voice on the other end. After a few moments she placed the device in the Spartan's hand while her other hand clutched his armored gauntlet.

"Don't hang up" she stated, all traces of humor vanished from her face. Michael merely cocked an eyebrow in response before answering.

"Yes, what the Hell do you want?"

_"__My, such a rude Ashikabi I have the displeasure of talking to. Don't you know it's improper to hang up on someone who's trying to have a civilized conversation? Considering that I'm bringing you-_"_

"Frankly I don't give a shit as to who you are, and whatever you're trying to sell I'm not interested in buying. So unless you have something of actual importance to say to me, _goodbye_."

****_""****_WAIT! DON'T HANG UP!_"_**** the man's voice practically rang out; both the Spartan and Sekirei were certain that everyone within a square mile radius heard the man's shrill outburst. Said man paused for a moment, clearly trying to get his breath back from his outburst, before continuing. _"Hmmpf! Well aren't we in a foul mood today! For the record young man I'm not some simple sales person, and yes I _do_ have something of great importance to tell you."_

While Michael was still tempted to terminate the connection, his training as a Spartan Commando in proper social discipline and the expression on Toyotama's face convinced him otherwise. "Alright mate, I'm listening; and you better have a damn good reason as to why you hacked my personal comm. device."

_"__Hmmpf, very well; I am Hiroto Minaka, and I am bringing you tidings of great joy and celebration. You young man have just been selected to take part in a great competition that will shake this city and the heaven's with its spectacular fury."_

The Spartan blinked in realization. "Hang on, you're saying that you're _that_ Hiroto Minaka, the head of that new conglomerate MBI and the perpetrator of the so-called Sekirei Plan."

_"__Ah, I see your Sekirei has already brought you up to speed concerning the Sekirei Plan, and yes I am __**that**__ Hiroto Minaka."_

"â€|" Michael simply dead-panned. "Uh yeah, I find it hard to believe that a brat like you would be in charge of an entire global conglomerate."

The sound of spluttering filtered through the cellphone. **_"I AM NOT A BRAT!"_**

Michael tried and barely succeeded in suppressing the smirk that threatened to break out as he spoke. "Well considering that you just screeched in my ear like a little kid just nowâ€|I just can't picture you as a mature man in charge of some worldwide conglomerate."

The sound of a head hitting a desk caused Michael to smirk like a cat that caught the canary, his free fist pumping slightly in victory at his annoying the so-called head on MBI. At the same time, his enhanced hearing could make out the muffled sound of someone other than Minaka chuckling on the other line.

Despite his rigorous training as a Spartan IV commando, he still had his moments of being a humorous smartass towards those who managed to piss him off.

Michael's smirk then turned into a serious frown as he spoke into the cellphone. "So I'm guessing you called to inform me of my role in the so-called Sekirei Plan, am I correct?"

The head of MBI seemed to pause in surprise before he spoke_. "Ah I see your Sekirei has already informed you of the basics behind your bond with her. And yes, you are now a key player in the Sekirei Plan, in which you and your Sekirei will battle with 107 other Sekirei and their Ashikabi's throughout the city. Once all the Sekirei have been winged, they and their Ashikabi will battle each other to prove who most is worthy to win the prize of this competition; and they will battle and battle and battle until only one Ashikabi and their Sekirei remain standing!" As he spoke, the man's voice began to grow louder and higher in excitement. "â€|and bring about a New Age of the Gods!"_

"â€|so I really am just some competitor in this so-called game of yours, and Toyotama is going to have to battle other members of her kind in order to win? â€|and that the point of this little piss-ass competition is to bring about some frickin' era of God-hood for whoever wins?"

"Humph, well aside from you choice of words it seems you understand the gist of the game. However I must warn you that the Sekirei Plan is a closely guarded secret. Simply put, should you tell anyone else about any of this, then MBI will have to reclaim Toyotama and the punishment you'll receive will be quite severe."

"â€|"

"â€|"

"Who the Hell do you think you are?"

Both Toyotama and the Game Master, though it was hard to tell with the latter, startled in surprise at the Spartan's words. Toyotama

herself couldn't help but feel nervous at how the Spartan was addressing Minaka, though whether it was for her Ashikabi or the Game Master she wasn't sure.

"You force an entire species of innocent beings to fight for you like some lowly game piecesâ€¦you plan to make them and their 'Ashikabi' fight each other until all but one are dead or out of the wayâ€¦you designed this damn game to bring about some bullshit fucked up delusion of god-hood upon those who win it, regardless of the victor's desires for this prizeâ€¦ and to top it off, you think you can tell me what I can and cannot do like I'm some kind of pawn on a chess board, and expect me to simply go along with it like some dog." Michael let off a harsh chuckle at the thought.

"Well let me tell you something, I am no simple minded fool nor some mere innocent civilian; Iâ€¦am a SPARTAN, and I've had to deal arrogant stuck-up shitheads in my life that were a Hell lot more powerful and dangerous than you'll ever be, you pitiful loudmouthed fucking bastard."

_"__Now see here-_"_

"Don't worry I'll go along with this little 'game' of yours for now, seeing as Toyotama and I are now united in this so-called bond. But remember this Minaka" Michael's tone then turned dark and venomous as he continued, "don't expect me to willingly participate whenever you see fit. If you think that I'm just gonna be some lowly chess piece in your game, you're very mistaken. Should I decide to take action, I'll be doing it by my own rules, not yours. And I'm warning you, if you do anything to hurt Toyotama, me or anyone else in this city, be they human OR Sekirei, in order to bring yourself some extra entertainment, then rest assured I will come for youâ€¦!"

"â€¦and I will kill you_!"

With that he shut off the cellphone, just barely restraining himself from crushing said device into scrap metal. Looking down Michael found himself staring at the small device in his hand as his mind digested what he had learned in the past hour.

Essentially he had somehow travelled back in time to the early 21st Century with no known method of getting home or of contacting his comrades. And was now a competitor in a, simply put, 'battle royal' between members of an alien race of super-powered beings and their human partners, including the staff-wielding woman who he had somehow winged. And that these other Sekirei, like Toyotama had with him, were basically meant to fight and potentially wipe out their fellow brethren in order to awaken some sort of 'new age' as Minaka had described.

It wasn't just Minaka's proclamation of a new era of the Gods that had disturbed him; it was the fact that he was treating the Sekirei like mere puppets in his game, and their Ashikabi as their handlers that really set him off. It was far too damn similar to how he and his fellow Spartan-IV's were treated back during his initial introduction into the program, when he had been forced to fight against and, if need be, kill his fellow Spartans under the guidance of the Gracemaria branch of ONI, and its head operator: Lt. Colonel Jocelyne S. Stauffer.

His actions wouldn't come as a surprise to anyone who personally know him, but he downright hated, nay utterly reviled people who forced others to fight against their own kind just for the sake of providing 'easy' entertainment.

Across from him Toyotama simply stared at her Ashikabi in outright shock and disbelief, though there was also a trace of admiration mixed in as well. While she herself didn't trust MBI or the Game Master, she had yet to meet someone with the nerve to even stand up to Minaka, let alone succeed in doing so without having the infamous Discipline Squad called down upon them.

But her Ashikabi didn't just simply try to object to Minaka's rants; he had literally threatened to kill the Game Master should he deem it necessary.

In other words, he had basically declared an act of war against Minaka and MBI in a whole.

Despite her understandable shock at his threatening Minaka, Toyotama couldn't help but smile at his words, particularly those concerning her and her fellow Sekirei. For some reason her fear seemed to steadily diminish as she looked upon the armored Spartan before her, as if he was literally forcing her fears and doubts into submission.

As if like he was a beacon of courage and hope for those who had none.

A few moments passed before Michael handed the cellphone back to her, his face softening upon seeing the expression on hers. "I'm sorry about that, I guess I kinda took it too far with that phone call."

Toyotama merely smiled affectionately, "There's nothing to apologize for, you were angry that he was willing to treat me like a tool in his game whereas you treat me as an individual. Actually" she stated, her eyes lowering downward as she crossed her arms around her waist, "you're the first person that's ever treated me as an individual rather than a game piece, even before I was released to find my Ashikabi."

Michael frowned in silent anger at the Sekirei's words, having experienced the same treatment during his early training in the S-IV Program. For some reason that he couldn't quite explain, the sadness and loneliness that now shone in Toyotama's eyes didn't seem natural, that said eyes were meant to be bright and joyful and full of life rather than burdened with pain and despair.

"Though I must admit" clutching her arms around and under her breasts giving them a slight jiggle, "the way you so willingly threatened to kill him was both scary and sexy at the same time. In fact, if it wasn't for that armor covering that hunky body of yours, I would've taken you right here and-"

She fell silent when the Spartan rose both hands in a 'stop' gesture, "I think you've made your point clear thank you very much, and no we're not doing anything that is even close to what you're asking for" he stated causing her to cutely pout in response. "Now I think I have a basic understanding of you Sekirei and this so-called Sekirei

Plan you're involved in. Normally someone with any common sense wouldn't even think of partaking in that crazy Shithead's little competition."

Toyotama smirked in amusement at the Spartan's chosen nickname for the head of MBI, causing Michael to smirk in turn. "But considering my past experiences of dealing with douchebags like him and the fact that I pretty much declared war against him and his entire conglomerate, and that I made my entire career on doing 'crazy', it looks like I'm in this game with you to the bitter end." Michael stood up off the bench to his full height as he spoke, "What say you, Toyotama? Are you willing to put up with a crazy Spartan Commando like me for the remainder of this damn competition, until we finally hunt down Minaka and kick his ass all the way to Hell for being the arrogant son-of-a-bitch that he is?"

The Staff Sekirei stared at her Ashikabi for a moment in awe before a feral smirk slowly developed as she stood up to face her Ashikabi, "do you know how sexy you sound when you act and talk all authoritative like that?"

The Spartan simply shrugged, a humorous smirk still outlining his face, "I try."

"Well in that case" Toyotama wrapped her arm around the Spartan's as she looked up at him with deep affection and devotion.

"â€|How could I refuse?"

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****Finally, the next update is up and ready for you guys. Once again I'm sorry for the delay, and I hope this update keeps you guys - and gals - sated for the next few weeks.****

****Having read your reviews and votes, I finalizing Uzume as part of my Spartan's harem, with Kochou and possibly Tsukiume shortly afterwards.****

****Till next time folks!****

5. Warning! New Emergency Update!

AWOOGA! AWOOGA! WARNING! WARNING! CALLING ALL FANFICTION WRITERS AND READERS! THIS IS A CODE-RED EMERGENCY!

I had just received a message from fanfiction writer Omarnosian10 that the government is preparing to remove the Fanfiction Website permanently.

{Audience: Hissing and Booring - *picking up torches and Halo 5 rocket Launchers*}

This is an offence, an outrage to all Fanfiction writers around the world. That's why I'm following Omarnosian10's example and signing up for the petition to stop the termination of Fanfiction. It's called "Stop the Trans-Pacific Partnership (TPP)" created by Peter Becker. This is a call to arms for all Fanfiction Writers. Come forth

comrades, we must UNITE against this action for all present and future Fanfiction writers.

Please lend your support, otherwise Fanfiction will be terminated forever.

Here is a copy of the reply you get with the automatic email:

Here's a sample message to send to your friends:

-

>Hi,<p>

The Administration and the U.S. Trade Representative just reached a deal with 11 other nations on the secretly negotiated, massive so-called "free-trade" agreement, the Trans-Pacific Partnership (TPP). As the long fought for, recent release of the TPP text proves, the agreement will greatly empower corporations by virtually eliminating consumer, health, safety, labor, privacy, and environmental regulations, enforcing corporate domination over our justice system through offshore corporate investor-state tribunals or ISDS.

>Despite massive popular opposition to the TPP (despite media silence) on the part of citizens of all party nations, the TPP will now come up for a vote in Congress within months under the anti-democratic Fast Track procedure. Now we are in the fight of our lives to urge Congress to oppose the TPP when it comes up for a vote.<p>

That's why I signed a petition to The United States House of Representatives and The United States Senate, which says:

"We urge Congress to vote no on the Trans-Pacific Partnership (TPP). An agreement like the TPP should be negotiated in the full light of day. America must reserve the right to determine our own consumer, health, safety, labor, privacy, and environmental regulations. Do not surrender our rights to trans-national corporations."

Will you sign the petition too? Click here to add your name:

petitions.

/

sign/stop-the-trans-pacific?source= &r_by=15228140

Thanks!

>_<p>

There you have it folks, this is most certainly NOT a hoax.

...

...

ALSO, DO NOT REVIEW THIS UPDATE, I REPEAT DO NOT REVIEW THIS UPDATE!

18

****What's up comrades, this is SpartanPrime101 and it's my great pleasure to finally upload the next chapter for one of my favorite fanfiction projects. First off yes, I know it's been a while since I uploaded for this story; juggling between University, my part-time job and family matters doesn't leave me with a lot of free time to write, so I hope this will calm you guys waving pitch forks and torches.****

Fair warning, this was by far the most difficult chapter to write as I wanted to make sure I got the personalities of Minaka, Takami and Karasuba as accurate as possible to their anime personalities, as well as those concerning Miya and the other residents of Maison Izumo, so please bear with me if I tend to go off character with said persons. However, please let me know if I do go out of character in my writing.

And as for my Spartan's harem debate, I'm thinking of adding a bit of a plot twist sometime in the next chapter or so. It involves a few certain sekirei that I'm thinking of adding to my Spartan's harem â€" let's see if anyone can guess who they are.

****Once again, I do not own Halo (save for my Spartan character) or Sekirei; they belong to Bungie and Sakurato Gokurakuin respectfully.****

****Now, sit back and enjoy the next installment of Sekirei Legends.****

[illegible]

"Speaking"

'_Thought'_

"_Past-Tense_"

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_**{Chapter 5: Welcome to Maison Izumo}**_

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****{Maison Izumo, Tokyo, Japan, 2020}****

** { MBI Headquarters } **

To say the mood in the head office of MBI CEO Hiroto Minaka was tense would be an understatement.

"How interesting; it seems that our newest player intends to stand up against us" Minaka stated in amusement, his glasses gleaming in anticipation. Though it doesn't matter" Minaka stated calmly, "for this man is but a mere pawn in the climactic battles to come, as we march forward into a bright new future. And we shall see if he has the potential to rise to the heavens above in his quest for greater

glory, and thus bring about a new Age of the Gods!"

Behind him on his right, a middle-aged grey haired woman named Takami Sahashi sighed in exasperation at her boss' antics, her hand twitching as she lit a cigarette " her fourth one in the past two hours " in order to help steady her nerves. Having been in Minaka's office when he had contacted No# 16 Toyotama's Ashikabi shortly after said Sekirei's winging, she had overheard the new Ashikabi's threat to Minaka should he attempt to do anything that would put him and Toyotama in jeopardy.

As such, it was understandable that she considered sending an MBI security team to reclaim No. 16 and remove her Ashikabi from the Sekirei Plan " permanently_.

However " |

"Well, I must say that was quite an entertaining phone call to listen to " |"

" the feeling was obviously not mutual, as a certain leader of the MBI Discipline Squad made clear.

" " it's not often that an Ashikabi actually stands up to you, and in such an open fashion as well. I'm just sorry that I wasn't there to see him in person as he made those declarations to kill you " that would've made it even more fun to listen to."

Minaka face faulted on his desk, "Karasuba, why must you be so cruel to me? And why are you siding with him instead of me; I'm just trying to make things more entertaining to watch in the future."

Karasuba simply giggled, her expression similar to that of the cat that killed the canary. "Well, what can I say? He just had that effect on me " and it's not often we see anyone other than Takami make you flounder about like a little cod fish in a net."

Takami flinched in surprise at Karasuba's statement; for as long as she had been activated, Karasuba had always shown nothing but contempt towards humans " often resulting in any human she encountered ending up as little more than a bloody stain on the walls and floors. So for her to even hint at how she was affected by a human without any sense of bitterness was practically impossible to believe.

Of course this meant that she was planning on challenging this armored person " Takami refused to refer to him as an official Ashikabi until they verified who he was and why he was here; or more rather what corporation he was working for " to a fight, if only to see if he was actually that skilled or if he had simply got lucky against the lightning twins.

Takami mentally made a note of preparing a cover story for the unexpected death of a certain Ashikabi and his Sekirei.

Minaka fixed his glasses as he sat back up in his chair, "well, it still wasn't _that_ amusing. Though I suppose his defiance will make this game much more interesting to see play out."

Takami sighed in exasperation at the MBI CEO's statement, "Well

regardless of your personal interest in his defying you, we can't risk allowing him taking part in the S-Plan: So far we know nothing about him or how he arrived in Japan, though his armor and weaponry proves he works for another corporation, and we're positive he has answers concerning the energy surge that had occurred shortly before he appeared. Not to mention that not only was he able to stop No. 11's lightning attack with his own hands, but also force both her and No. 12 to withdraw despite being outnumbered " something even a highly trained special operative would have difficulty in accomplishing even be capable of doing, much less a regular citizen. And for all we know he was probably holding back against the twins, considering he rendered their lightning attacks useless at close-range. We need to remove him from the plan immediately, and hopefully reclaim and reprogram No. 16 before their bond fully solidifies and he gets the opportunity to leak information concerning the Sekirei to his superiors."

The CEO of MBI remained silent as he clasped his fingers together in thought, "then perhaps we should continue to watch him and No. 16 for the time being, so we can determine what his intentions for the Sekirei Plan really are."

Karasuba quirked her eyebrow in interest while Takami frowned in distaste. "And we should simply allow him to take part because?"

"Because this man interests me" Minaka stated, his voice becoming serious for a change. "He is the first human to have ever dared challenge a Sekirei head on without any fear or concern for his own safety, even if he was in possession of highly advanced armor and weaponry that gave him an edge in a close-range fight. And while his access to said technology is questionable, the fact that he displayed such an emotional bondage with his Sekirei shows that he's not some lowly mercenary. And it's been some time since anyone ever showed such dedication in protecting one of our little birds, not since the early days of the project"

" "

"not since when Takehito started getting close to # 01."

That statement caused both Takami and Karasuba to flinch in shock, with the latter grasping the katana sheath on her waist out of instinctive reaction. Back in its infancy, Takehito Asami was the head manager of the Sekirei Adjustment department and was responsible for developing the adjustment procedures of the first Sekirei, the First Discipline Squad, with the intent of repelling a full-scale military invasion by rival nations. It was shortly after the first invasion that the so-called 'Pillar Sekirei' had started getting close to Takehito and accepting his policy of assisting those who needed it. Unfortunately, Takehito had perished during an experiment gone haywire, the reasons for this as of yet still unclear, and the Sekirei Pillar, heartbroken and enraged at her 'husband's death, had left the S-Plan and had taken up residence in the Northern district of the city of New Tokyo.

And because of the loss of one of their most intellectual minds in the corporation, as well as the single most powerful Sekirei in existence, Minaka had passed a rule that no one was to ever bring up the topic concerning said accident and the disappearance of Sekirei

#01.

So for him to not only break his own rule but to use it as a reference towards this armored Ashikabi was possibly nay a sure sign that Hell had frozen over.

"Well, no matter" the S-Plan mastermind spoke, all trace of seriousness gone, "for we shall see if this new player is sure to make this contest all the more interesting, and whether or not he has what it takes to rise to the Heaven's above, AND HELP BRING ABOUT A NEW AGE OF THE GODS!"

Takami closed her eyes at Minaka's proclamation in an attempt to quell the migraine that threatened to develop, her thoughts dwelling on the so-called Spartan's threat to terminate Minaka should he take things too farâ€|and wondering if said threat was really all that terrible.

Actually, now that she thought about it, supposing that this 'Spartan' _wasn't_ an agent for a rival corporation seeking to undermine MBI, he could become a valuable asset in the coming weeks. If she could find a way to get in contact with him, hopefully she could convince him to assist Homura to help newly reacting Sekirei find their Ashikabi rather than leave them to be forcibly winged. While he may not be able to take on other Sekirei, especially those ranging in the single digits, he could at least subdue their Ashikabi without the risk of collateral damage to innocent citizens in the process.

So deep in thought was she that she almost failed to notice that a certain silver haired Sekirei had somehow vanished from the office, the open door behind her the only indication that she had left at all.

Emphasis on _almost_.

'_Oh shitâ€|'_

Things had just got a lot more complicated.

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All along the sidewalk and in the surrounding neighborhood, the sun's light began creating shadows as it began slipping beneath the horizon. At the same time, the sound of voices and cars/vehicles signaled the end of the work day as people returned home to their families and loved ones. After long hours of listening to the bustling noises of downtown Tokyo/New

If anyone had bothered to look outside or past the front yard entrance, they would've seen a drop dead gorgeous women carrying a long staff over her shoulder while clinging on to the arm of a behemoth of a man in futuristic battle-armor wearing a large dark-grey cloak/backpack would make anyone stare in astonishment.

While he was somewhat relieved that there was no one around, Michael was weary as to what other kind of attention his presence would attract before the day was over. Considering his chat with a certain

head CEO claiming he was now involved in some sort of 'Game' alongside his new female companion, he was anxious to find somewhere to lay low until he could find a way to get back to his timeâ€¦

If that was even physically possible.

Even by the turn of the 26th century, the aspect of time travel had remained one of the problems that was beyond fully understanding, even with the most sophisticated technology available to man. While humanity had managed to discover and develop the technology to enable slip space travel, which had boosted after the discovery of Forerunner structures and relics during and after the Human-Covenant War, this was still drastically different from actually opening a rift between spaces capable of enabling something _or someone_ to travel through time.

Of course, that was before Michael ended up in twenty-first century Japan and became involved in some 'battle royal' alongside/against members of an extra-terrestrial humanoid race known as Sekirei.

Glancing down at the Staff Sekirei, he had to admit that she was certainly a sight to behold in terms of looks and personality characteristics. Any man would be a fool to simply throw away an opportunity to be with a beautiful woman such as this. Even _if_ he wanted to try to separate himself from her, he would only be putting himself into a far greater predicament. Having been sent back in time to the 20th Century, back when space travel was still in its infancy, he was virtually on his own save for the Sekirei currently cuddling on his right arm without any method of getting back home.

There was another reason for his having her stay with him. During their 'bonding' back in the alleyway he had sensed a strange sensation flowing through his body, like a new sense of emotions and thoughts flowing through his heart and mind. And he was certain it had something to do with his new contract with Toyotama.

While he was uncertain as to why he ended up in twenty-first century Earth, there was no question as to how he had arrived here: _The Forerunner artifact_. Somehow upon activation it had trans-teleported him well over 500 years into the past, with no evident way of reversing the process or activating a recall mechanism that would return him back to the Forerunner Shield Planet he was stationed at.

So for the time being, he would have to bear with his newly found 'wife' and concentrate on other more pressing matters. Chief among these was finding a place of residence to accommodate them for the next few days, if not possibly weeks or months.

Unfortunately, that was to be easier said than done.

For the past few hours, he and Toyotama had visited a number of hotels and apartment buildings up and down the main road in hopes of attaining a place of residence. While neither were particularly picky when it came to locating buildings with specific designs and tastes, there were certain factors that limited the options of apartments and hotels to choose from.

First of all was that most if not all of the hotels had sensitive

metal detectors at the front entrances to the lower lobby and registration desks, which would have easily given his armor and large assortment of weaponry to any law enforcement and, more likely, military units throughout the area. As such, the idea of finding a hotel was taken off the option chart.

As such, their best option was to try to find an apartment complex that had vacancies available for two and were close to the downtown shopping district for whenever they needed supplies and/or information.

However, what made both Michael and Toyotama hesitant in trying out any of the nearby apartment complexes was that, as revealed by several news posters and signs in the office windows of said complexes, they were all owned by a single corporation: MBI. And while to a resident citizen this would be of minor significance albeit a slight sense of unease, this caused Michael's sixth 'warrior' sense to go off like crazy.

Back during the Human-Covenant War, several major industrial corporations had solidified their hold on local businesses and residential housing complexes, all in the hope of acquiring as much financial and political power and wealth before the colony was discovered and glassed by a surprise Covenant invasion fleet. Sadly, while these few corrupted industrialists prospered, any surviving colonists were forced to endure months of financial and social hardships.

And from what Michael was currently witnessing, MBI seemed to be doing the same thing with the city's central corporations in the exact same manner.

In addition, Toyotama seemed unwilling to set foot in any facility under the direct watch and observation of MBI; and considering the conversation he had shared with the head CEO of said conglomerate earlier on, her resentment was perfectly understandable.

Consequently, this left them in quite a dilemma, with the chances of finding an apartment not owned by the conglomerate corporation becoming ever more and more slim.

Thankfully, they had found a small bulletin board with several posters and flyers listing small houses with free rooms for rent, ranging from public homes to small-scale businesses — all of which seemed to have independent links that were not connected with MBI.

Unfortunately, it was unlikely that any of them would allow a heavily armed combat trained Spartan super-soldier and an equally dangerous staff wielding Sekirei to take residence within their walls.

And unless someone just happened to show up and offer them residence, it was unlikely that they were going to have any chance of finding a place on their own —

"Excuse me, can I help you with something?"

Turning around, Michael came face to face with a woman dressed in an old-style traditional attire of a shrine maiden consisting of a white

kimono underneath a purple hakama covering the lower half of her body down to her legs with a purple sash around the waist. She was quite beautiful with long purple hair tied in a ponytail at the back of her head, smooth pale skin and deep brown eyes that while containing a slight hint of mischief also seemed to pierce into the soul of those who gazed upon them.

Both the Sekirei and Spartan could easily say that she was beautiful merely by casting their gaze upon her. However, what Michael noticed was the way she held her body in a poise of alert readiness, and how behind those piercing eyes was the mind and skill unlike that of a regular civilian. The fact that she was wielding a sheathed katana just out of sight at her waist showed that this woman was no innocent civilian landowner.

This woman was a veteran—a warrior forged on the battlefield.

At that moment, blue eyes stared into brown eyes as the woman in turn began analysing the new arrivals, primarily the cloaked/armored titan of a man before her. While her face remained stoic and emotionless, any battle hardened soldier could tell that she was assessing whether or not he was a threat; as if she knew what was concealed beneath the cloak, weapons and all.

"Good afternoon madam" Michael said. "My girlfriend and I are looking for a place to rent, though sadly we've been quite unsuccessful up to this point. You wouldn't by chance know where we might try looking, would you?"

The woman gave a small, wary smile. "Hai, actually I myself own a small inn just a few blocks down the street. I was just about to put up a brochure in case anyone was interested, and it seems my predictions were correct." She then unveiled an advertisement brochure and held it out for Michael. Taking the brochure, Michael held it up for him and Toyotama to read.

The inn, christened Maison Izumo, was in fact a two story private inn with a small front and side yard comprised of a simple lawn, garden and a single tree near the front-right corner close to the street. According to the directions provided on the flyer, the inn was just a few blocks away from their current location. It also seemed to have a decent annual fee, if Michael's memory of his lectures in 20th Century Financial History worth served him right, of 50,000 yen a month per person.

What really stood out, however, was the strict refusal of payment by MBI-based cards or any other method of payment by said conglomerate. Whether the owner had personal issues with MBI or simply wanted nothing to do with the large company was for the moment irrelevant; all that mattered was that Maison Izumo was MBI-affiliation free and was the best, and probably only option for the two of them to find residence.

Assuming said owner didn't mind giving shelter to a heavily armed and armored super-soldier and his sexy alien girlfriend.

As if sensing his train of thought, Toyotama leaned herself closer into the grip she had on his arm. "Well, seeing as this is the first spot of luck we had so far in our house hunting, I say we give this place a try."

Michael nodded in agreement as he glanced back toward the woman before him. "You see we've been searching for a place to stay for the last few hours and have had no success as of yet. Unfortunately most of the inns and rental apartments closer to the city's interior are, shall we say, off limits. So if it isn't too much trouble, would you mind allowing us to take residence at your inn?"

The woman smiled humorously, "Ara, and why what makes you think my inns isn't 'off-limits' as well?"

While most humans would simply take the woman's question to be out of curiosity, Michael caught the hidden test behind it; she was testing him to see how, as a soldier, he would respond. And considering that he still had his honor and pride as a Spartan, as well as his and Toyotama's strict refusal to make any deals with a certain shithead, there was one clear course of action.

Make a leap of faith and take the plunge.

"Let me put it this way: like is mentioned on your brochure you're not associated with MBI or its CEO."

The woman merely kept her gaze fixed upon the two of them, her eyes gaining a steel glare at the mention of the ever expanding conglomerate, her hand casually resting on the hilt of the katana on her waist.

A brief moment passed before her gaze softened into a kind, humorous smile; apparently his response was the right one to make.

"I can see why that would be a problem, and I certainly can't have you sleep out on the street. Though I must ask, are either of you in some sort of trouble that I should know about?"

Michael and Toyotama glanced at each other, the former sighing in resignation, and looked back at her. "Well aside from a surprise phone call from some pin brain in a 70's style outfit, I don't think we're too much in trouble. Would that affect our chance of staying at your inn?"

"Oh no, I was simply asking as a precaution, considering that it's not every day I meet a soldier in strange armor armed with strange weapons walking about in public."

Michael chuckled nervously as he thought up a response. "Yeah, about that"

"It's alright" the woman held up her hand in a 'stop' motion, "I'm sure you can explain to me later, perhaps once we are back at my inn discussing the terms of residence."

That statement caused both of them to stiffen in surprise, with Michael becoming slightly suspicious towards the purple-haired woman before him. While the offer of allowing them residence was indeed welcome, it was the firmness in which she spoke, as if she was ordering them to take the offer, which stood out the most.

Of course considering the short-and long term benefits seemed to outweigh the negatives, there wasn't any reason as to not take the

offer.

"Well in that case, we accept your offer" Michael then gave a short bow in gratitude, making the woman giggle behind her hand again.

`_**{15 minutes later}**_`

A short while later, both found themselves in front of a typical twentieth century two-story Japanese house with a small side and front yard and a short cement walkway leading from the street to the entrance.

Michael looked over the building with an appraising eye. The building was of descent size with good structural stability. There was plenty of open space to relax and converse with other tenants and residences. And the surrounding area was open with sparse trees and shrubs lining the side of the sidewalk along the roadway.

'_All in all, I think we may've hit the jackpot with this place.'_

Glancing down at the Sekirei beside him, Michael nodded in agreement before they followed Miya up the pathway to the front door. After Miya had entered the foyer, Michael grasped the door to hold it open for Toyotama, who gave her rear a sexy shake to the Spartan's chagrin as she walked past, before he himself entered the building behind her.

Miya had already taken off her sandals and had stopped in front of a wooden staircase leading to the top floor, "Uzume, could you come down and help with our new tenants please?"

"Coming; be right there."

A few seconds later the sound of footsteps revealed a young women with waist long chocolate-brown hair tied in a side ponytail and brown eyes, and was wearing a pink/purple belly top shirt with a bright yellow star in the front center as well as Capri-style jeans.

Upon seeing the two arrivals, the women froze in surprise as she looked between the two of them; although, her attention was primarily focused on the Spartan rather than the Sekirei clinging to his arm.

Of course, like with the citizens they had passed on the street earlier, it wasn't that much of a surprise for a large, heavily armored man wearing a large military-grade cloak to be regarded as if he was something from science fiction.

Which, technically, he actually was.

Remembering his lessons in Twentieth Century Cultural Anthropology back when he was in the UNMC Marine Corps before becoming a Spartan, Michael moved his arm from around Toyotama, to the latter's disappointment, and gave a perfect Japanese-style greeting bow to the brown-haired girl. "Konichiwa, my girlfriend and I are the new tenants at Maison Izumo, and we would like to thank you for your hospitality."

Uzume simply stared at the armored man, her mouth trying and failing to create a proper response. Just off to the side she could hear Miya giggling at her expression, which in turn caused her to hesitate even more.

'_Great, this hunk of an Ashikabi shows up out of the blue and I freeze up like a deer in the headlights! At least I'm not stuttering like some love crazed fan girl. And it looks like he's already winged his first Sekireiâ€|maybe he'll be willing to add a few moreâ€|'_

Thankfully Miya broke the silence and allowed Uzume to regain her thoughts. "Perhaps you would like to discuss your living arrangements over some tea, soldier-san; I'm sure you and your friend must be eager to settle down after your walking this afternoon."

"That sounds just fine, thank you" Michael nodded as he and Toyotama passed through the entrance and followed Miya inside, leaving Uzume to close the door and scramble after them.

[illegible]

Soon all four of them were sitting around an old style Japanese wooden table, with Miya handing out small cups of freshly made tea for herself and her guests. Both Michael and Toyotama noted how the tea had a nice fragrance as they took a sip, releasing a small sigh as the liquid flowed over their taste buds.

Toyotama let out a content sigh; this was the first time she had tasted tea since she had been released into the city. "Mmm, this is really good; the texture brings out the tea's flavor."

Michael nodded in agreement, "Indeed, this tea is very well made Miya-san; it's been a while since I've had the opportunity to have some, and even then it was made from easy-to-make packages rather than the original material."

"I'm glad you think so, soldier-san" Miya giggled as she placed the teapot in the center of the table. "Well, I believe we should each introduce ourselves, so that we can get to know each other better while you stay here. Uzume, would you like to start?"

Miya's question caused the brunette to startle out of her thoughts, taking a moment to regain herself before she responded, "Well as you already know, my name's Uzume and it's nice to officially meet you. I gotta say I've never seen anyone that wears armor like that out in public, are you part of a new comic-con or something?"

"Likewise Uzume, and no I'm not part of a comic-con; this is actually the standard military armor of my unit back home."

Uzume's eyebrows shot up in surprise, "really, what unit are you a part of?"

Michael leaned upward in attention. "I'm actually an officer in the United Nations Spartan Army Corps; Captain 2nd Class Spartan '208' Michael of Fireteam Phalanx at your humble service. And this is my girlfriend Toyotama; we first met a short while ago and decided to

find a place to stay until we sorted out what we're going to do."

Miya frowned in deep thought. "Spartanâ€¦I don't think I've heard that term before."

"The term Spartan refers to the ancient Greek warriors of Sparta, a singular city-state â€" a city that was considered its own nation in ancient times - that ruled separately from other city-states such as Athens and Corinth. In August 480 BCE, the Persian Emperor Xerxes I sent messengers asking the Greeks to provide 'earth and water' for their vast armies; basically they threatened the Greeks to surrender to the Persians or else face mutual destruction. After sending the messengers to their deaths in a bottomless pit, the Spartan King Leonidas lead 300 of his personal guard to defend the cliffside pass of Thermopylae along with 700 other Greek warriors. There they faced off against 250,000 Persian cavalry and light infantry, including 10,000 Immortals, in three days of all-out combat."

"Immortals?" Uzume asked.

"The Immortals were the elite troops of the Persian Empire; they got their name from the tale that the Gods had granted them immortality on the battlefield and as such would never die. In truth though, they simply recruited new troops to make sure their number never dropped below 10,000. However, while the Persians were well trained in mobile and long range warfare, their light chain mail armor and shields were no match for the Spartan Hoplites, or armored infantry. All the Spartans were trained from a young age in close-quarter combat and could use all forms of weaponry including Hoplon shields, spears and short swords. The Spartans knew the terrain well and had forced the Persians to fight on their terms, thus rendering their long-range tactics and weapons useless. Over the course of three days of intense fighting, the Spartans inflicted 50,000 casualties while suffering only a dozen or so of their own. And not only did they force the Persians to lose all taste for further combat, but they also showed the known world what a small group of highly trained warriors could and would do defending their homeland and freedom. And that's a trait I personally carry with honor as a Spartan Commando, as do my fellow comrades of the Spartan Army Corps."

All three women were impressed by the Spartan's words with both Toyotama and Uzume staring at the Spartan with blushes on their cheeks. "Damn bro, these Spartan's really knew how to fight. I'm guessing you yourself know some fancy moves."

"That's right, Uzume. Even today the new generation of Spartans are trained in the same teachings as the ancient Greek warriors. I myself am well versed in close-quarter combat as well as heavy assault and swordsmanship. Plus my family is said to have served in nearly every major military conflict dating back to the Great War of 1914-1918, and I'm actually Greek-Canadian on my mother's side."

During his time in the UNMC and later the Spartan Program, Michael had looked up his family history and was quite surprised himself at the long line of family members who had served in the military since the early twentieth century.

Even Miya had to admit she was impressed by Michaels' claims. "Well, I must congratulate you on your achievements, Michael-san. Now if I

may ask you, what do you plan to do while you're here?"

Michael easily caught the hidden intent behind the question. "Don't worry, I have no intention of hurting anyone here in the inn. During my time in the Marines I was trained to use lethal force as a last resort and/or only in self-defence. Truthfully, my main concern right now is to avoid attracting anymore unwanted attention. I've already managed to flip off some lowly scumbag calling himself the 'Game Master' after he tried to threaten me should I start causing trouble-

"Hold on" Uzume's eyes widened in shock as she leaned forward towards the Spartan. "Did you just say Game Master? As in _that_ Game Master?"

"You mean some arrogant shmuck dressed in an ugly 1970's outfit who claimed to be in charge of some multi-national corporation, tried to have me play some 'game' like a lowly pawn, and goes by the name of Minaka? Then yes, _that_ Game Master! And considering he was threatening to put Toyotama's life in danger I think I'm in the right to pretty much declare war on the SOB."

Both Uzume and Miya had shocked expressions on their faces, though the latter was better able to suppress it, while Toyotama seemed amused by the Spartan's description. Unbeknownst to the new arrivals, a third person was staring at her computer screen with her jaw hanging down in a small crater caused by its sudden drop.

"Dude, you must have balls of steel; pure, solid steel!" Uzume looked at him in a mixture of shock and awe, a small blush forming on her cheeks.

Michael simply shrugged. "Yeah well, I've had to deal with people far worse than him when I was in the Marines. And even after I joined the Spartan Army Corp, I've had to deal with higher ups who had made it an obsession to disband the Spartan Training Program permanently, claiming that we were an unnecessary commodity for the armed forces—like we're little more than worthless test subjects to be thrown away or, more preferably, _disposed of_ after losing our usefulness for _their_ objectives." All three women could see that the topic was angering the armored man as his face and fists clenched in silent rage.

The Spartan blinked in surprise when he felt a soft hand touch the side of his face, turning his head to see Toyotama looking up at him with compassion and worry in her eyes; she had felt his anger through their bond and felt saddened for her Ashikabi's turmoil.

Michael shook his head before he continued speaking. "And that's why I took a solemn vow to never let any of my friends and comrades suffer from anyone's personal ambitions, especially if those ambitions end up putting my fellow Spartans' lives in needless danger. I already know what it means to live under the threat of extermination, and I'll be damned if I let this scumbag Minaka try to play off Toyotama's life _or mine_ like mere game pieces. And if he even thinks of trying anything that involves putting innocent people's lives in jeopardy, he'll feel the wrath of an extremely PO'd elite Spartan Commando!"

Michael then formed a fist and thumped his left chest plate, "This I

vowâ€|on my life and blood."

All three women were captivated by the Spartan's vow, with each having their own thoughts running through their heads.

'_Michael-kun, you really are the right one for me; I'll never regret you winging me,'_ Toyotama thought lovingly.

'_Oh shit, now I really want him; handsome and has a sense of honour, talk about a package deal',_ Uzume blushed as she felt her heart flutter uncontrollably.

'_You realize it's quite rude to read someone else's thoughts Author-san',_ Miya thoughtâ€|wait what!

**{SpartanPrime101: Talk about shattering the fourth wallâ€|anywho, on with the story.}**

While both Uzume and Toyotama had flushed cheeks and loving smiles on their faces, Miya simply chuckled into her sleeve. "Well, I'm glad you have your principles in life straight, otherwise I might have to throw you out for possessing such lethal weaponry."

Michael simply gave a lop-sided smirk, "well we can't have that now, can we? And don't worry, I swear to never put this inn or its residents in danger, or at least try not to. Unfortunately, I can't really speak for any other thick-headed moron who might try something."

"Well if someone does try to harm usâ€|" Uzume flaunted as she leaned over and pulled Michael's left arm into her chest and side, "you will use your elite skills to protect us, won't you?" She emphasized this by flashing a sexy pout that would make weak-minded men tremble and faint from a massive nose bleed; it took all of the Spartan's will and patience to not allow a blush to form on his face. However this in turn received a glare from Toyotama who tightened her hold on the Spartan's arm.

'_Why that little hussyâ€|who the hell does she think she is hitting on my Michael-kun? I don't care if she is another Sekirei, there's no way I'm gonna let her have her way with him without a fight.'_

Uzume simply smirked at Toyotama's expression. _'Looks like I have some competition; well sorry Toyo-chan, but I'm gonna get my time with my man no matter what.'_

Michael simply let out a small sigh at the girls' antics. _'Oh boy, this is gonna end up blowing up in my face, I know it.'_

"Oh dear, it seems that Uzume doesn't care if she won't get any supper or breakfast for breaking one of my rules for staying at Maison Izumo" a dark aura appeared behind Miya's head as she gave a fake smile at the brunette women. Said woman let out a loud "Eep!" as she released the Spartan's arm and sat back up like an army cadet at attention.

While it wasn't directed toward him, Michael instinctively wrapped his arm around Toyotama when the latter had flinched at the

landlady's grin. "Perhaps you would like to discuss the rules and requirements for our stay here, Miya-san; that way we can avoid any other unexpected issues further onward."

The aura soon dissipated, much to Uzume's relief, as Miya turned her attention to the Spartan. "That would be most wise, Spartan-san. My rules are quite simple to follow and aren't too difficult to remember: First, violence is strictly forbidden inside the house during your stay; you may use the side and back yard for any physical exercise or training you may wish to do, so long as you inform me first. Second, seeing as you may not be able to pay upfront for your stay here, you will be required to help out with the weekly chores around the house until you can find a job. There is a small shed in the back you may use to store your armor and weapons while you're working, and it has a lock on the door that will prevent anyone from stealing it. Third, there will be no sexual relations between house mates or guests—and that is _non-negotiable_"

The last part was emphasized with a dose of killer intent, causing both Uzume and Toyotama to shiver in dread, though not so much with the latter — Toyotama felt a strong sense of comfort through her bond with the Spartan, who seemed to be impervious to Miya's aura.

A fact that was not lost on Miya, who seemed to slightly frown at how the armored man seemed to resist her killer intent. _'His experience as a soldier must have been quite harsh for him to keep his posture—and I thought I told you it was rude to read someone else's thought Author-san!...'_

Ack! Jeez, talk about a running gag.

Moving on—

"Your rules seem fair, and I appreciate the offer for storing my armor; I'd rather not have anyone try to use it to build their own version for their own personal use. But one question thought, Miya: are there by chance any security cameras in the rooms? Cause the thing is, I prefer my privacy while sleeping and/or getting ready for the day."

Eyes widening in surprise, Miya clasped her chin in mock-terror. "Oh dear, I most certainly hope not; I shudder to think who would be so bold as to install such devices in my own home without my knowledge."

(Secret Room: A certain Sekirei felt a chill run down her spine, causing her to "eep" in fear and foreboding)

Despite her expression, Michael couldn't help but notice how her statement seemed to have a secondary meaning behind it. He quickly stored that thought at the back of his mind as he smiled humorously. "I don't know; I mean, considering that the both the landlady as well as Uzume and Toyotama here are quite beautiful and kind hearted, there might be the occasional lecher who may want to 'catch a peek' as they say."

Both Uzume and Toyotama felt their cheeks flush deep red at the Spartan's words, while Miya flinched in surprise as a light blush developed on her cheeks. Hardly anyone save for a certain perverted Sekirei had ever dared mention something of such lecherous nature in

front of her and managed to get away without a severe reprimanding.

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** (Secret Room: "EEP!" Yet another chill ran down said Sekirei's
spine, causing her to break out in shivers from the growing
nausea) **_

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But for some reason, Miya could only stare in surprise as she tried, and failed, to quell her still present blush.

However, seeing the humor in Michael's eyes, she simply smiled as she went along with his joke. "Oh, well if that is the case, I guess I will have to rely on your strength to prevent that from ever happening Michael-kun."

"But of course" Michael stood rigid as he thumped his fist over his chest in salute. "Captain Michael of the Spartan Army Corps at your service."

Once again Miya found herself giggling at the Spartan's antics. "Well, I thank you for your services then, Michael-kun, and I hope you and your friend abide with my rules; it would be a shame to have to throw the two of you into the streets" Miya spoke, a strange aura surrounding her like a demonic omen that promised pain and suffering to anyone that dared to defy her requests.

Sadly this once again had little effect against a Spartan soldier who had seen far worse from the Covenant and the Flood back during the Great War. "Don't worry, I'll be sure to keep that in mind while we stay here, and thank you again for your hospitality."

Miya could only pout in disappointment, with a slight tinge of impressment, at how the Spartan seemed to dismiss her technique. However, the sincerity in his words put her mind and heart at ease. She also thought back to their discussion before, and how Michael had pledged his life to protect Toyotama and those he considered his friends. It had been a long time since she had seen someone of military background to display such a strong sense of honor and honesty toward those around them.

Of course, only time would tell whether or not these qualities were genuine.

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All across the city, several women felt a sudden pulse of energy burst through their core, causing them to halt in pleasant surprise as a blush formed on their faces. As some of them had left their roost in trepidation and hesitance, they now felt a new yet welcome sensation.

In the headquarters of Hiyamakai Enterprises, #22 Kochou worked feverishly away at her laptop to find what she could on the armored warrior. His name. His occupation. Everything. As she worked away, she made sure to erase the history of her search so that her employer didn't find out what she was up to. While before she followed her employer's requests with a dull sense of obedience, she now felt an inner sense of purpose in her efforts to find out more on the armored Ashikabi.

A blush and a smile formed on her face at the thought of finding this man. No matter what would happen, she would find the man who gave her a new purposeâ€”and do whatever she could to ensure his happiness.

$$\{\} \{\} \{\} \{\} \{\} \{\} \{\}$$

From atop an apartment rooftop, a blonde haired, cerulean eyed woman clad in medieval armor felt a jolt flow through her spine as she glanced towards the setting sun. Having been raised and trained in the ways of the western-European knights of old, she was reluctant to take part in the so-called 'game' she and her fellow brethren had been bred to fight.

Yet nowâ€¦she couldn't help the light blush forming on her face as her core began pulsing a comforting feeling throughout her bodyâ€¦compelling her to seek out what, or who, was making her feel this way.

$$\{\} \{\} \{\} \{\} \{\} \{\} \{\}$$

From atop a branch of a tall tree, a woman with long black, wild hair and ruby eyes felt her hands shake as her core began to fluctuate. Looking toward the massive sky scrapers, she let out a frustrated sigh as her cheeks flushed red from the sudden energy rush. After being released from MBI she had taken it upon herself to help some of her sisters find their true Ashikabi. Unfortunately, she had been ambushed by the Ashikabi of the South, Hayato Mikogami, and Sekirei No. 5, Mutsu, and was forced to retreat.

However, with her core now fluctuating, she would be hard pressed to remain hidden for long without stabilizing her abilitiesâ€”and in order to do that, she would have to seek out the person causing her to react like this.

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On a bench in the park, a young woman glanced upwards towards the sky, her mouth and eyes open in surprise at the pulse of her Sekirei core. Having been deemed as 'unwingable', she had given up hope of ever finding someone who could wing her.

And yet—|it was happening. The crest on her forehead should have prevented this from occurring, and yet it was.

There was no doubt about it; like many others scattered across the city, she was reaching out for the one person who would finally complete her.

The one who could finally save her from her title as the 'Scrapped Number'.

Her one, true
Ashikabi.

[illegible]

_YES!** At long last, I'm finally finished the next chapter for Sekirei Legends. As mentioned before, this was an extremely difficult chapter to write, so if anyone thinks I've muddled up with Minaka and

Miya's character please let me know.**_

**Also, beware of the plot twist that's coming up in the next update or soâ€¦it'll definitely be a shocker to read. No more spoilers until then.**

**I'm also going to try a new idea I got some time ago: while reading the Naruto-Sekirei Crossover story "Wagtail Shinobi", I was interested in how he added characters from other anime shows as OC Sekirei for his story, such as Rias Gremory from Highschool DxD and Satellizer from Freezing. As such, I'm putting up a poll to see which anime characters I plan on adding to my story, and I think/hope you'll approve some of them. So please vote which character you would like to see added first to my story.**

_**Finally, I would like to take a moment to say a prayer for British actor and director Alan Rickman and the father of Canadian hero Terry Fox, Rolly Fox. After decades of a great acting career, Alan Rickman passed away this January from pancreatic cancer, while Rolly Fox died in the afternoon of March 8**__**th**__** after a long struggle with lung cancer. As such, I would like to take a moment to appreciate these two great men and their dedication to their careers and loved ones, and how they may now join God and the angels of heaven.**_

â€¦

â€¦

**{WARNING! WARNING! POSSIBLE FUTURE FANFIC ALERT!}**

â€¦_**what do you reader's think about me starting a new fanfic story calledâ€¦"Fate: Spartan Chronicles"?**_

â€¦

**Till next time comrades.**

7. Post is NOW up!

Naruto and Yogi's Season's Greetings

Heyoooh, this is SpartanPrime101 bringing you my very first Christmas Crossover Fanfiction. This time I'm doing a Naruto/Hinata/Princess Koyuki Kazahana romance as they take a trip to the one and only Jellystone Lodge where they meetâ€¦dada dad data daaaaaâ€¦YOGI BEAR! That's right, in this story they all take a trip up to Jellystone Lodge to help celebrate the Christmas Holiday, just as the Hanna Barbara characters do in the all-time 1980 Christmas classic 'Yogi's First Christmas.

**Just so everyone knows, this will be a Romance fanfiction, with the three Naruto characters sharing kisses and hugs and cuddles. As part of the Konoha CRA policy, Naruto will be required to take multiple wives to restore the Namikaze and Uzumaki clans, though this story won't have him instantly fall in love with Hinata or Koyuki â€" this will be a T rated story only. **

**Both Yogi and Naruto will play key roles in this story; I want Yogi

to play the same roles as he did in the Yogi's First Christmas movie.**

Well, here is my very first Christmas Fanfiction: Naruto and Yogi's Season's Greetings.

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"Speaking"

_ ' __Thought' _

** _ " _****_Singing/Carols" _**

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It was Christmas time at Jellystone Park. The air was crisp and clear and the ground was covered in fresh snow. All across the untainted wilderness of the woods and hilltops were covered thick snow drifts and new snowflakes danced around like ballerinas. Even the large Jellystone Park sign was covered in the soft, cold substance.

Soon loud music and singing could be heard echoing across the valley as a large yellow and red half-track snow mobile roared across the snow.

_ {Song: Coming Up Christmas Time} _

** _ " _****_It's about that time, thatâ€|time of the year again" _**

** _ " _****_Sleigh bells ring, that season is here again" _**

_ {Huckleberry} _** "Hearts are light and full of good cheer again" _**

** _ " _****_Coming Up Christmas Time!" _**

** _ " _****_Parties, friends, we're all on the go again" _**

** _ " _****_Better bundle up, it's starting to snow again" _**

** _ " _****_See wonder that mistletoe again" _**

** _ " _****_Coming Up on Christmas Time!" _**

** _ " _****_Time to buy those Christmas things, go on a shopping Spree" _**

_ {Doggy Daddy} _** "Heh heh heh, to make sure I get what I wantâ€|I buy my gifts for ME!" _**

** _ " _****_It's about that time for laughter to ring again" _**

** _ " _****_Favorite carols we all want to sing

again"__**

_ {Snagglepuss}__** "All th' joy the season will bring
again"__**_

_ "**_Coming Up Christmas TIME!"_**

_ "**_COMING UP€|CHSRTMAS TIME!"_**

In the back seat, a small dog in a toque and sweater named Augie Doggie pointed ahead of the half-track. "Look dear-old Dad, we're almost there."

Sitting next to him, a larger dog in a toque holding a large bass drum, named Doggie Daddy, chuckled. "No kidding Augie, you're right Son. That's the Jellystone Winter Lodge, my favorite Christmas hangout."

"That's for sure, tis the season to be jolly, in Jellystone even." In the seat just behind the driver's seat, a large pink lion in a toque and scarf, the one and only Snagglepuss, spoke. "A whole week of ridish revelry, gayly galour, and lots of fun even."

"Gosh, and we get to hang out with an actual hero to boot" a tall, blue dog named Huckleberry spoke in a southern accent as he turned to look at the three people sitting in the seats behind him and Snagglepuss.

Sitting behind him were two humans, a woman a one man. The woman had long black hair that hung down the back of her head and shaped around her face, pale eyes and skin that looked like it was a part of the snow. She was dressed in a thick grey coat with a festive toque and a muff that sheltered her hands from the cold. And the man had bright blonde hair that gleamed in the winter air with blue eyes and a humorous smile, and distinctive whisker marks on his cheeks. His outfit comprised of a black coat with orange flames running down each sleeve and ended at the bottom, and a bright orange toque and gloves to complete the outfit.

This was the hero of the Fourth Shinobi World War, the prankster king of the Konoha village, and the jinjuriki of the Nine Tailed Fox: Naruto Namikaze Uzumaki, along with the eldest daughter of the Hyuga clan, Hinata Hyuga, and the ruler of Spring Country, Princess Koyuki Kazahana.

"To be sure, to be sure! Tis a pleasure, a delight, a joy even. To have the hero of the Shinobi war and the princess of Spring Country hang out with us for the holidays, and for Christmas even."

Naruto grinned and rubbed the back of his head at Snagglepuss' words. "Aw shucks Snaggle, it's great for us to be here, and with a bunch of great comedy actors too."

Hinata smiled and gave a small nod. "Hai, thank you for having us join you this year."

Koyuki gave a smile of her own. "Indeed, it's a great pleasure to finally meet each and every one of you."

"Excuse me, mister Naruto," Augie spoke up, "is it true you saved

both the Land of Snow and the Land of Waves a few years ago?"

Naruto rubbed the back of his head and gave a mischievous smirk. "That's right Augie, although Kakashi-sensei, Sakura and Sasuke helped out a little bit, but yeah I did save those nations."

"Wow, this really is going to be a great Christmas this year, isn't it dear old Dad?"

Doggy Daddy chuckled, "that's right Augie my boy, especially with all of us hangin' out together."

Huckleberry sighed, "Gosh, and poor ole Yogi and Boo Boo are gonna miss all those tasty vittles."

"That's sad" Augie sighed, "bears never get to have any Christmas fun like we do."

Up in the driver's seat, Jellystone Park Ranger Smith also let out a sigh. "It's a good thing Yogi's hibernating; we had enough trouble last year without him."

"You mean all them scary things that were happening all the time?" Doggie Daddy asked.

"Like that giant snowball that crashed through the parking lot and into the Lodge entrance?" Huckleberry said.

The Ranger nodded, "Yep!"

"And the Santa Claus suit that was stolen from the prize winning snowman?" Augie asked.

"Uh huh!"

"And that howlin' that went on in the night," Huckleberry gave a long comedic howl, "never found out who was doin' it though!"

"Well this year, in case they try to do something drastic, I've called in Naruto and Hinata to help us out."

"That's right," Naruto gave a fierce grin as he pounded his right fist into his left palm. "If they try anything, we'll know what to do!"

"Me too" Snagglepuss said nervously, "also even, exit stage right!"

Hinata then laid a caring hand on the lion's shoulder, "Don't worry Snagglepuss, nothing bad's going to happen to anyone, so don't let this ruin our Christmas fun."

"Hinata's right Snagglepuss" Ranger Smith smiled. "Now come on gang, lets sing a few more carols before we get to the lodge. I'm sure everyone knows this oneâ€|Dashing through the snowâ€|In a one horse open sleigh"

_**_O'er the fields we go, laughing all the way"_**

__****_The Bells on bob tails ring making spirits
bright"_**

__****_What fun it is to laugh and sing a sleighing song
tonight"_**

__****_OH Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells Jingle all the
wayâ€|"_**

Soon the air was filled with Christmas music once again, although not everyone was so jolly about it. For you see, up in a small cave at the top of Jellystone Mountain lived a small, grumpy old hermit named Herman the Hermit. He had chosen to isolate himself from the outside world, as was evident from the series of signs leading up to his cave that said "KEEP OUT" and "VISITERS NOT WELCOME". In addition, he was against anything that resembled fun and joy, especially around the Christmas holiday. And he had made it his sworn duty to ruin the holidays for everyone else.

For he was the person behind the noises and accidents that had occurred the year before.

As the Christmas carols rose above the trees, Herman opened the door and glared down at the half-track making its way across the snowy field.

"Ding-dang, that Christmas crowd is back again! Well, I'll scare 'em good this year. Christmasâ€|Blech! All those blasted carols and goody-goody nonsenseâ€|blarg!" And he promptly slammed his door closed.

A few minutes later the snow mobile had arrived at the Lodge.
"Alright we're here, everybody out" Ranger Smith declared.

Soon everyone began getting out and unloading from the snow mobile, with Naruto quickly forming a few shadow clones to help with the luggage, to the amazement to everyone save for Hinata.

"Be careful Augie, watch your step." Doggy Daddie warned his son as he lifted his big bass drum.

"Hey Augie you want me to lift that for ya, that's a pretty big drum" Naruto spoke up.

"Don't worry Dear old Dad, and no thanks Naruto" Augie slowly made his way to the edge of the snow mobile.

"Hello there" a voice called from the lodge entrance, where everyone saw a man in a dark blue management suit and a woman with long black hair, light blue-colored eyes and soft pink lips and dressed in a dark pink/light purple winter coat with black gloves and earmuffs.

"That's Mr. Dingwell the Lodge manager and Lady Koyuki Kazahana the ruler of the Land of Snow."

Naruto grinned as he waved, "Hello Koyuki-chan."

Koyuki's smile widened as she waved in return, "hello Naruto, welcome to the Jellystone Winter Lodge."

"Well isn't this an unexpected surprise, a pleasure even. Tiss good to see you again Lady Koyuki, swell even."

Koyuki chuckled, "hello to you too Snagglepuss." She then turned to the other arrivals, "Snagglepuss and I stared together in a few short films a while ago; he even served as an impressionist for some of the characters during the final editing process."

Both Naruto and Hinata's eyes widened in amazement, "Wow, who knew you did such a variety of roles in the filming business Snaggles."

Suddenly..."Oomf, HELP DEAR OLD DAD!" Augie slipped on the edge of the snow mobile and began rolling across the snow on his drum.

"Oh no Augie, someone stop that drum" Doggy Daggie called out as the drum rolled directly towards Koyuki and Mr. Dingwell. Both tried to jump out of the way, with the Manager comically running on the spot for a moment before the drum smooched him into the snowbank. Augie kept rolling for a few more seconds before Naruto appeared and caught the poor dog and his drum before they rolled into the snowbank.

Snagglepuss gasped, "Heavens to Murgatroyd! They vanished into skinny air, disappeared even."

"Don't worry Snagglepuss, I'll find them!" Ranger Smith stepped forward to where the Manager and Koyuki had been just moments beforeâ€¦

_"__Uumpf, would you please get off my back?"_

Ranger Smith instantly jumped backwards as the Manager popped his head out from beneath the snow where the ranger was standing. "Oops heh heh, sorry. But where's Lady Koyuki?"

"You looking for us?" Everyone looked up to see another Naruto standing on the upper balcony with Koyuki snuggled in his arms. He then jumped down onto the ground and set Koyuki down gently. "You okay Koyuki-chan?"

The princess felt a warm feeling flow through her body as her cheeks turned a shade of pink. "Yes Naruto-kun, thank you for helping me." Neither noticed how Hinata had a small glare on her face, though she was also worried that Koyuki could've been hurt.

"Augie my boy, are you alright?" Doggy Daddie approached the Naruto holding Augie and the drum, who placed the young dog down before dispelling.

"I'm alright dear old worried dad" Augie said as his father held him in his hands. "Gee, heh heh that was fun!"

Doggy Daddie grunted, "next time, I'm buying you a square drum!"

[illegible]

Here's part 1 of my first Christmas fanfiction. I'll try to get the

other parts uploaded before the New Years. Merry Christmas
2015.

End
file.